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WOBBLES' TOUR

Around the World

On a Bicycle

By E. R. Collins

AND

Other Sketches.

NEW YORK:
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WOBBLES' TOUR

AROUND THE WORLD ON A BICYCLE.

BY

E. R. COLLINS.

Illustrated by Thomas Worth.

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PREFACE.

APOLOGY, for the appearance of this book, there is none. I have gathered a few of my sketches that have appeared in the columns of *Texas Siftings*, *Peck's Sun*, *The Yankee Blade*, and *Recreation*, and combine them in this little volume, without the least excuse, but in the hope that it may assist to while away some tedious hour.

E. R. COLLINS.

DEDICATION.

To my friend A. MINER GRISWOLD (the "Fat Contributor"), Editor of *Texas Siftings*, to whom I am indebted for many valuable suggestions, and who is responsible for The Tour Around the World, this volume is respectfully dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

MY WHEEL AND I.

Old wheel, since we have traveled together,
Many a merry mile we've run
In the cool and dewy evening,
Under the glare of the midday sun,
Where the road was smooth and level;
Up the hill and through the vale,
O'er all roads and in all weathers
Flying swift as a Summer gale.

You've been a constant and kind companion,
And a sturdy steed, my glistening wheel
You've played a part in my joys and sorrows,
And my changing moods you seemed to feel.
When the way was long and the road was heavy,
In sympathy kind you went quite slow,
And when from home and you were broken,
In turn I felt the weight of woe.

In hours of trial and time of danger,
You quickly responded to every call,
Your springing levers and clicking ratchets,
Generally "got there" first of all.
And if beside the door you rested
No fear of her father hung like a pall,
The old man's boot was quickly distanced;
The bull-dog had no chance at all.

The Autumn leaves along our pathway
Tell that our wandering soon must cease.
I'll go back to routine business,
You to a Winter of rest and peace.
But, next year when gentle Spring-time
Scatters her flowers o'er hill and plain,
Old Star, I'll polish up your nickel
And we'll take to the road again.

WOBBLES' TOUR

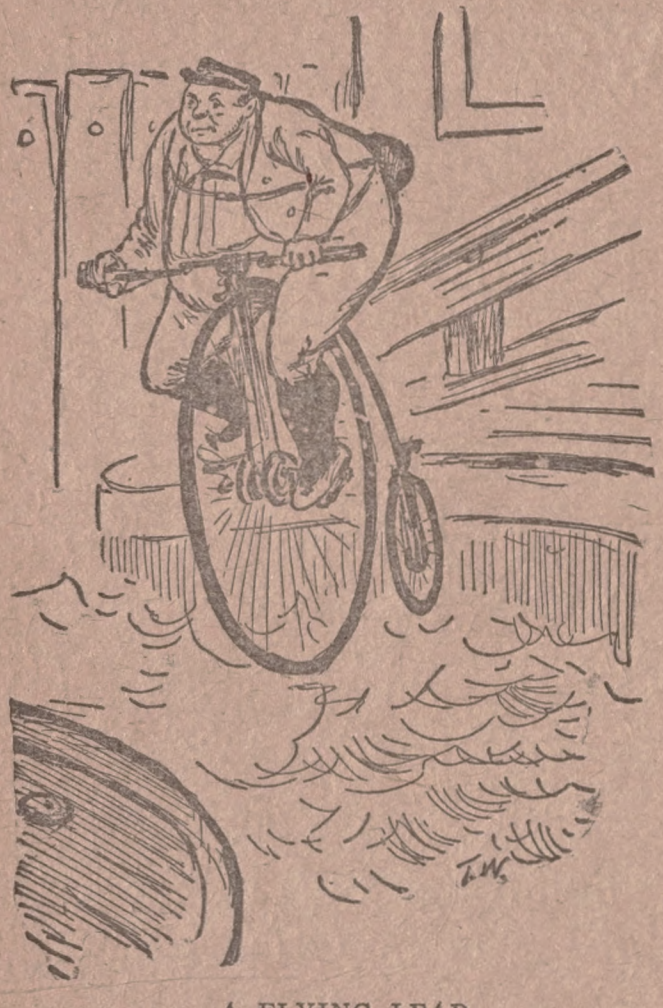
CHAPTER I.

THEOPHILUS WOBBLE, of New York, having been advised by his physician to try bicycling in order to reduce his extreme corpulency, determined to undertake a trip around the world, being satisfied that nothing short of vanquishing the earth's circumference would be sufficient to reduce his own. So, after a few preliminary lessons in mounting and riding a bicycle, he set out on his long and perilous journey.

His first adventure was at the Jersey City ferry. The boat had pulled out when he arrived in great haste, but he was under such headway that he couldn't stop so he pluckily took a flying leap and got there, Eli, amid the plaudits of the spectators.

Bowling along through New Jersey he was

chased and nearly overtaken by an infuriated bull that had broken loose and was pawing up the earth, seeking whom he might gore. But

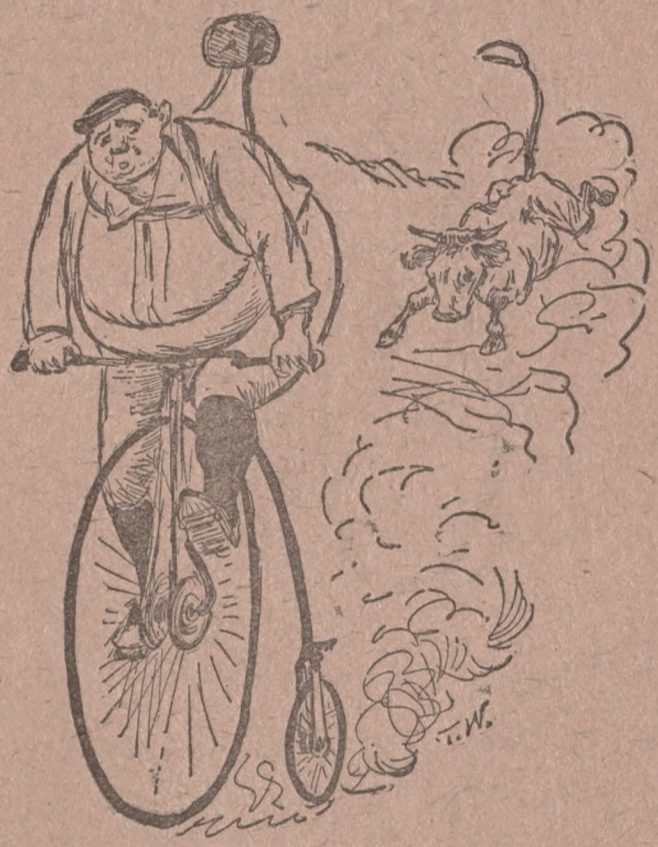


A FLYING LEAP.

speed and luck prevailed and he got awao.

Wobble, like all fat men, is good-natured and obliging, and fond of children, so when he overtook a bevy of them going to school and they asked him to give them a lift, he cried out gaily, "jump 'board!" which they very promptly did.

Following the line of the Erie Railway, through picturesque and romantic Pennsylvania, he observed that the road-bed was remarkably smooth, so he took the track. Shortly



HE GOT AWAY.

after he heard the warning toot, toot, of a locomotive and realized that an express train was thundering down upon his unprotected rear. A sudden wild desire seized him to see if he couldn't beat that train into the next station on its own track. He miscalculated his own rate of speed or that of the train, for this is the way

the plucky, but indiscreet fat man was brought in.

Fortunately for Wobble and the continuation of his trip around the world, the cow-catcher picked him up so gently that he wasn't

"JUMP 'BOARD!"

much hurt, and when his bicycle was disentangled from the smoke-stack, where it hung a mournful trophy, it was found to be not irre-

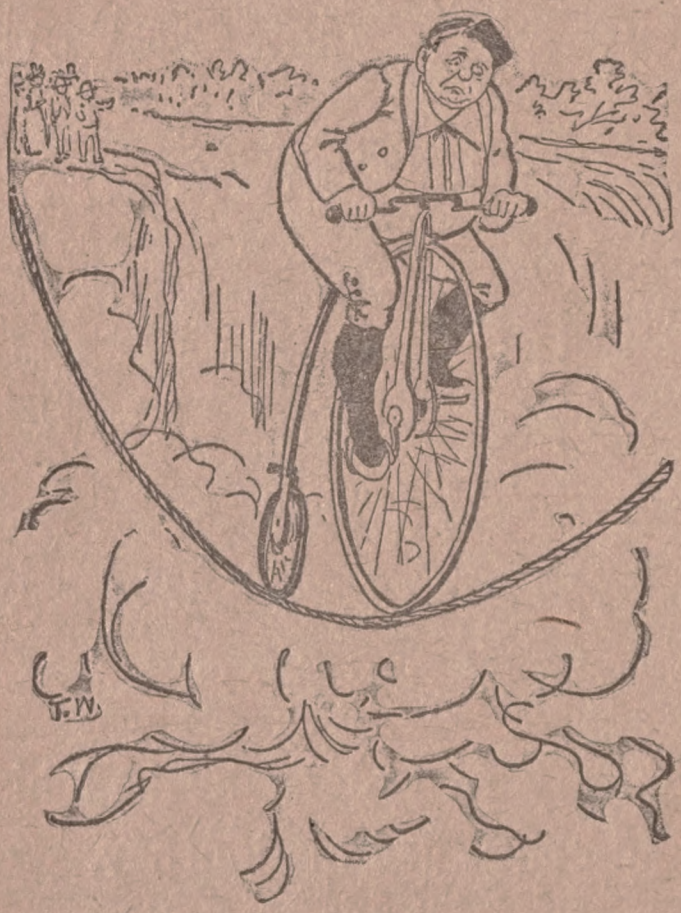
parably damaged. After threatening to report the engineer for carrying passengers on his en-

BROUGHT IN.

gine contrary to orders, he had his wheel repaired and continued his journey.

CHAPTER II.

THE trip around the world on a bicycle, which Mr. Wobble undertook, continued without special incident till he reached Niagara Falls,



CROSSED NIAGARA IN TRIUMPH.

when he conceived the idea of crossing the awful chasm on a cable, thereby eclipsing Blondin himself. A cable was stretched from shore

to shore, and although the great weight of the fat man caused it to sag fearfully, he crossed Niagara in triumph amid the plaudits of thousands of spectators on either shore.

Passing through Canada he was much an-

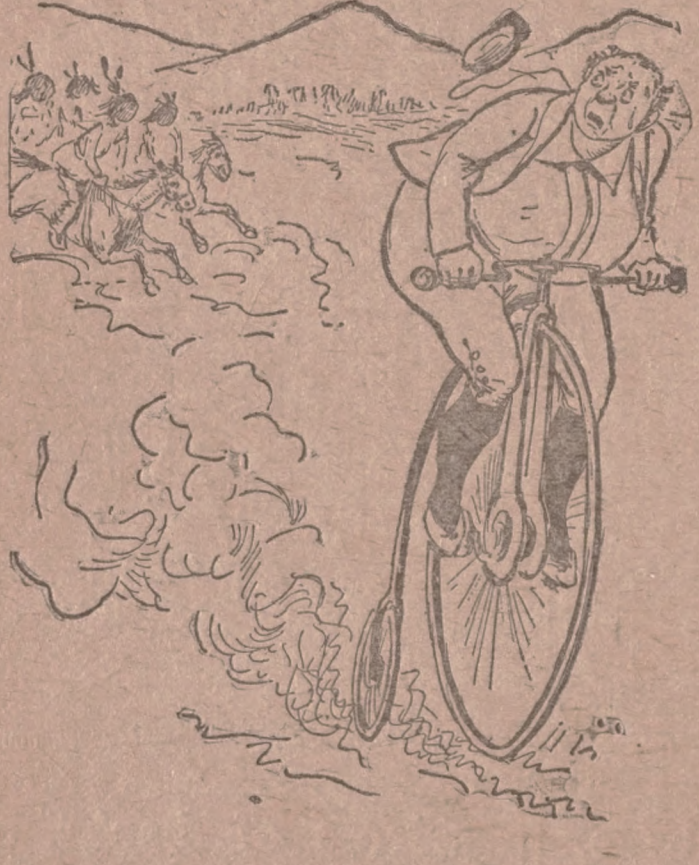
RECEPTION IN CHICAGO.

noyed by ex-presidents of banks, ex-cashiers, ex-aldermen, and defaulters of various kinds, who came out to meet him, asking in a confidential way. "How much did you get away with?"

The wheelmen of Chicago turned out in force

when they heard of his coming, and escorted him into the city headed by a brass band. They decorated him with badges and medals of various kinds, and his progress into the city was a triumphal march.

He passed the Mississippi in safety, but in crossing the plains he was chased by Indians,



CHASED BY INDIANS.

who hadn't scalped a real, genuine fat man for many, many moons. And if they had got Wobble's scalp there wouldn't have been any hair on it.

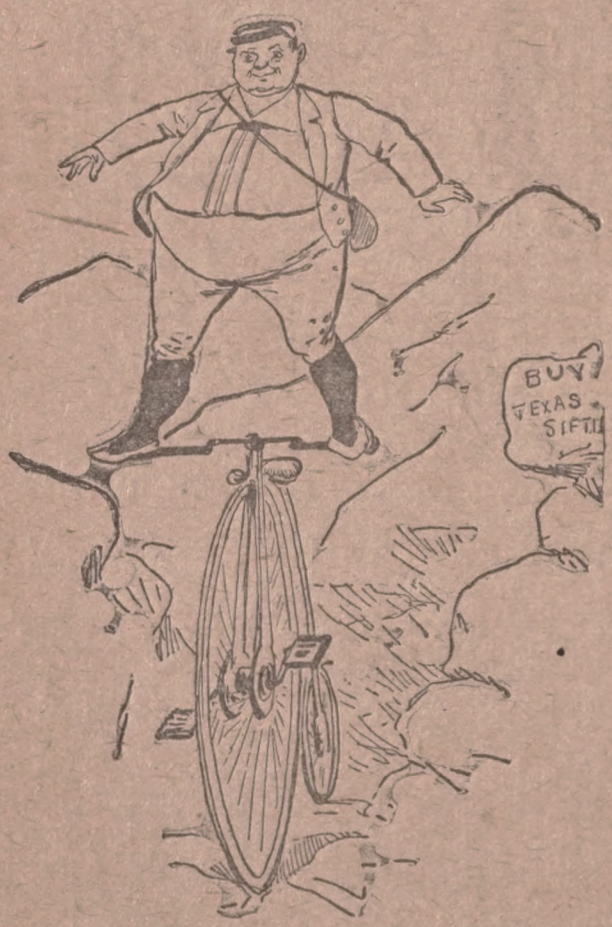
Wobble is a bachelor and hates women, so when he approached Salt Lake City he made a wide detour, in order to avoid meeting any of the susceptible ladies of that city. But a lot of

A LOT OF MORMON WIDOWS.

Mormon widows got wind of his intention, and, mounting their fiery and untamed tricycles, they chased him over fifty miles but, fortunately, without overtaking him. It was a narrow escape for Wobble, however. He was more frightened than he was when the Indians were after him, so he said.

CHAPTER III.

THROUGH dangers and tribulations, our fat friend persevered in his ascent of the Rocky Mountains, but he surmounted them all in safety, and finally made the descent on the western slope in the following airy manner:



HE DESCENDS THE ROCKIES.

Arrived in San Francisco, he was enthusiastically received and dined by the Fat Men's Club of that city. A match was made up for him to

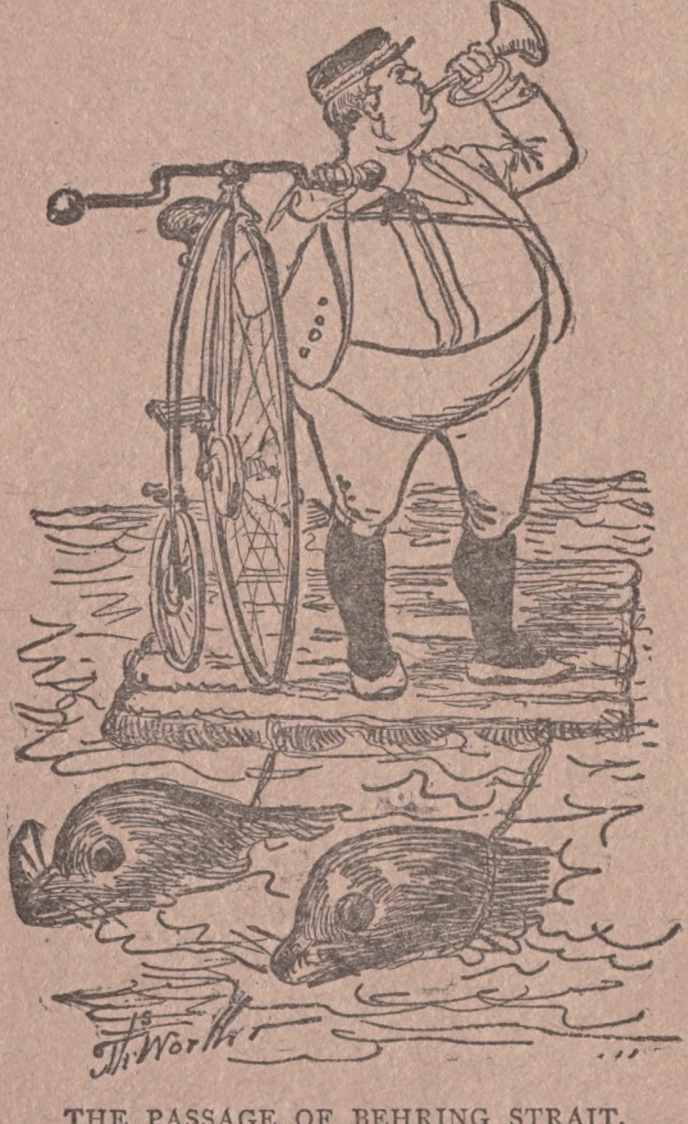
RACE AGAINST A HORSE.

race against a horse, and the fat man won, easily.

Continuing his journey, he at length reached Alaska, where he was successful in securing a pair of trained seals, which he hitched on to a

raft, and by their aid he was enabled to make the passage of Behring Strait.

He had been on Russian soil but a short time, however, when he became an object of sus-



THE PASSAGE OF BEHRING STRAIT.

picion. It was the first bicycle they had ever seen there, and it created no little alarm among those simple peasants. Information was sent

to the authorities, and it was not long before Wobble was arrested as a Nihilist, and conducted, together with his diabolical machine

ARRESTED AS A NIHILIST.

(which they took to be a new contrivance for blowing up the Czar), in the direction of St. Petersburg.

CHAPTER IV.

THE arrest of Wobble by the Russian authorities, on suspicion of being a Nihilist, was recorded in our last chapter. Visions of Siberia floated before his troubled vision, but happily the Czar knew something of the bicycle, and, sending for the adventurous American, he granted him an audience.

AN AUDIENCE.

The Czar received him with much kindness, asking him many questions about his wheel, and on dismissing him decorated him with the Order of the Royal Knout, the highest in Russia.

Not long after leaving St. Petersburg Wob-

THE MAZEPPA ACT.

ble fell into the hands of some mad wags, who thought it would be great fun to put him through the Mazeppa act, which they did by binding him on his bicycle, "with many a thong," and setting it whirling down a steep in-

cline. Resistance was useless, and he had to submit to his fate. As Mazeppa was followed by a troop of wild horses, so Wobble, in his

WONDERING COSSACKS.

swift descent, was favored with an escort of wolves.

"Away! away! and on we dash;
Torrents less rapid and less rash."

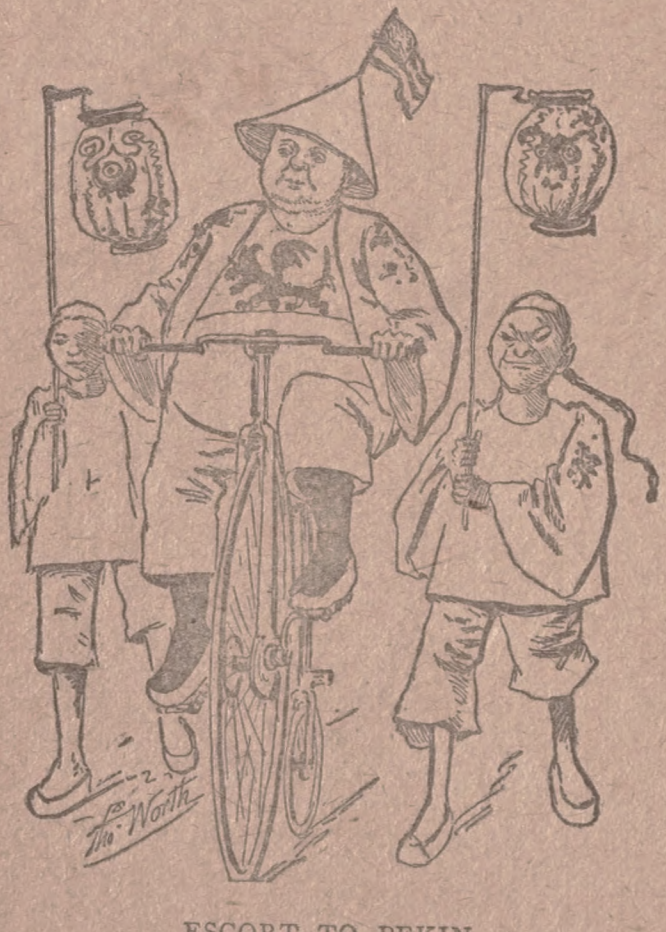
—*Byron.*

Wobble had often sat in a theatre and witnessed the thrilling descent from the flies of a mimic Mazeppa, mounted on his fiery and untamed steed, but never did he dream that he

himself would play the *rôle* among the savage steppes of Russia. He became unconscious from fear and fatigue, and when he recovered his senses he found himself extended upon the ground, surrounded by a group of wondering Cossacks.

CHAPTER V.

THE trip of the adventurous Wobble seemed likely to come to a disastrous conclusion, but he recovered from his Mazeppa ride, thanks



ESCORT TO PEKIN.

to the tender nursing he received at the hands of the Cossacks among whom he had fallen, and he was soon able to resume his journey.

He was received with the greatest honors when he entered Chinese territory, a royal guard being sent as an escort to Pekin.

He very readily fell into the customs and ways of the Celestials and enjoyed his journey

A CUP OF TEA EN ROUTE.

through the land of the tea-raisers very much. The hospitable people pressed refreshments upon him continually, and whenever he became weary he was refreshed by a cup of tea en route.

He was presented to the Emperor of China immediately upon his arrival at the capital, and at his special request, in the presence of the Emperor and all his court, he gave an exhibi-

AN EXHIBITION OF SKILL.

tion of skill in riding the bicycle that excited the astonishment of all who witnessed it. The Emperor was filled with amazement, and his

lords and high chamberlains were so overcome that they hid their faces in the dust.

Wobble induced the descendant of the Sun to take a mount behind him, treating him to a

TAKE A MOUNT

novel and exhilarating ride around the palace court. The Emperor enjoyed it very much until the fat man took a header, which was very disastrous to both, and threatened at one time to

endanger the harmony that has so long prevailed between the United States and China, but they

TOOK A HEADER.

finally took a cup of tea together and good feeling was restored.

CHAPTER VI.

THAT we may not weary our readers with too many details regarding Wobble's trip around

A ROYAL BENGAL TIGER.

the world, we permit him to leap, at a single bound, from China into India. Reposing one

sultry day under a palm tree, he awoke from a short dose to find his wheel missing. Springing to his feet he saw that a royal Bengal tiger

A MOVING TALE.

had mounted it and was flying down the road. Regardless of danger, he started in pursuit, wildly shouting, "Police! Stop thief!" and other exclamations employed in his own country, but not at all understood in India, particularly

among the tigers. His description of the race and of his overtaking the tiger is a moving tale; but we haven't room for it here. After running himself nearly out of breath, he suddenly

SHOT HIM DEAD.

recollected that he was armed, and drawing his revolver (the artist, you will perceive, has drawn it also) he shot him dead, thereby regaining his

bicycle. After he had regained his breath, also, he dexterously skinned his foe, and resumed his journey in triumph.

SEE, THE CONQUERING HERO COMES!

CHAPTER VII.

THERE are few countries where a bicyclist can enjoy himself more than in India, owing to the diversity of its climate, topography, and produc-

CARRIED AWAY WITH IT.

tions. Chiefest among the productions are elephants, monkeys, cyclones, tigers, brahmins, jugglers, etc. The latter are wonderfully expert. They can not only palm cards, but palm

trees sixty feet high. The monkeys, who are undoubtedly the original inhabitants of India, were delighted with Wobble and his bicycle, and one of them was quite carried awaw with it.

Wobble thought he would give almost any amount to regain possession of his wheel, but

MONKEY WITH THE WHEEL.

finally concluded to give chase. That would not have availed, however, had not the rider taken a header, a warning to creatures of that species not to monkey with the wheel.

It will be perceived by the above cut that Wobble's reception by the natives was of the

most enthusiastic description. They showered him with their choicest cocoanuts, and would have fired chestnuts at him, too, only they probably had a presentiment that we would do that.

A wealthy rajah sent his favorite trained

TRAINED ELEPHANT

elephant for the adventurous Wobble to ride through his dominions, lending him the royal robes for that special occasion. Proudly sustaining his wheel by one hand, and the flag of

his country by the other, Wobble presented a picture of grandeur and magnificence rarely equaled. He finished his triumphant tour through the country by India's grand trunk line.

GRAND TRUNK LINE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE adventurous Wobble passed from India into Persia, exciting the utmost curiosity where-

THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

ever he appeared. In some places the inhabitants showed a desire to "fire" him, being fire worshippers, but he proved that he was one of

that sect himself by displaying the badge of a New York fire company, of which he was formerly a member, and they let him off.

The Shah of Persia went out from his capitol

A LESSON ON THE BICYCLE.

several miles on foot to meet him, and he received him in a very gracious manner. He inquired affectionately after his numerous relatives, the Shaws of America, and was so friendly

that Wobble volunteered to give him a lesson on the bicycle.

The result was so unsatisfactory, however, that Wobble gave up in despair and exclaimed—

ACROSS THE DESERT.

"Pearse, shun the wheel," and you will probably see a Persian the bicycle henceforward.

Wobble engaged an Arab guide to conduct him across the desert.

It required lots of sand to plow through, and Wobble worked manfully at the treadle,

but he was finally compelled to succumb and beg the Arab to take him in tow.

IN TOW.

CHAPTER IX.

THE great Carthagenian general carried the war into Africa, and so did Wobble, though Hannibal himself hardly produced greater con-

A WHITE DEMON.

sternation than did the appearance of our valiant wheelman. The natives climbed convenient trees or fled in dismay, believing the strange

rider to be a white demon on wheels. Some prostrated themselves in the dust, assuming attitudes of supplication, all of which was very amusing to Wobble, who wasn't accustomed to being looked up to very much at home. It made him

A MOUNT.

feel as though he could carry the entire colored vote in case he concluded to run for something in Africa.

The African ladies whom he encountered did not appear to share the terrors of the men. They regarded the mysterious stranger with

friendly curiosity, and he had no difficulty in inducing a couple of them to take a mount. We have heard a vague rumor that Wobble was a gallant man, and this adventure certainly gives color to it.

WOBBLE PLAYS CROQUET.

Our hero discovered that African maidens divert themselves a good deal like his own fair countrywomen. They were given to gossip, flirting, and croquet, and two little maidens just from school had no difficulty in persuading him to join them in a game.

The fascination of their society made him forget for a time the great mission he was on, and he was half disposed to settle down in Africa for the remainder of his life, though he found the climate a little trying, to his fat; but an incident brought him suddenly to himself and spurred him on his way. Two colored dudes becoming jealous of his attentions to the maidens assailed him with darts, and he was compelled to flee for his life.

WOBBLE FLEES FOR HIS LIFE.

CHAPTER X.

TRAVELERS concur in their reports of strange wild beasts, with which Egypt abounds, and be-

AMONG THE BEASTS.

fore entering that country, Wobble was careful to provide himself with a quantity of fire-works,

which he judged would be useful in keeping the beasts away. They proved entirely efficacious, and he passed among them unharmed.

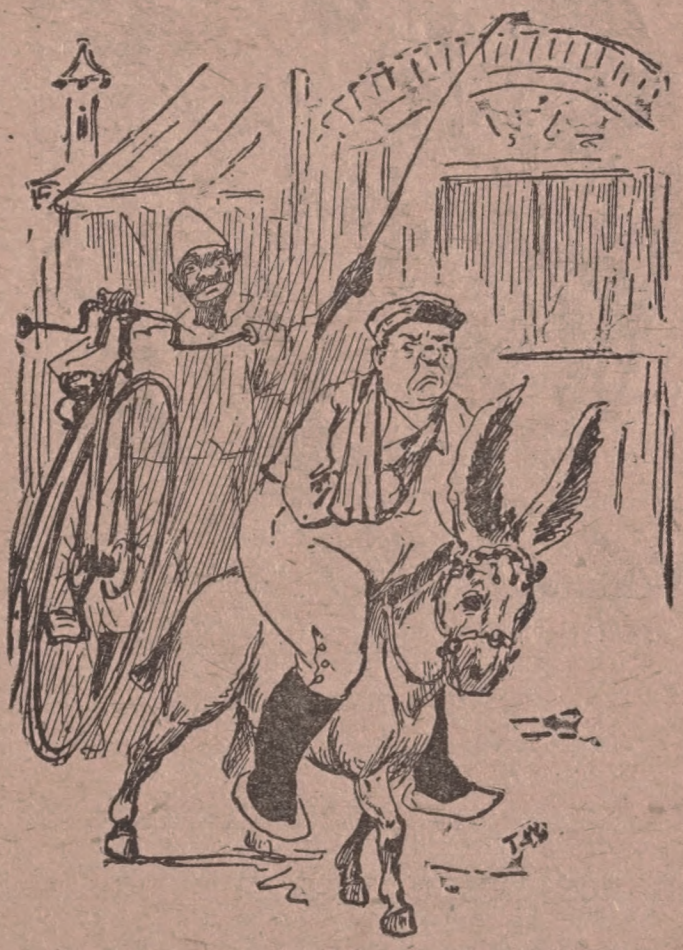
Passing through the streets of Cairo, which are very narrow, like the circumstances in

HIS CONTEMPT FOR IT.

which the Arabs live, he encountered an Arab leading an ass laden with unripe fruit, for the Arab was part proprietor of a cholera mixture. Now, the ass had never seen a bicycle before, and, like a good many other asses, must show his contempt for it.

The wheel was considerably damaged by the

heels of the animal, and it was necessary to take it to a blacksmith shop for repairs. The Arab played the part of the Good Samaritan, He bound up Wobble's wounds, and mounting him on his ass, he conducted him to an inn where he could repose.



AN ARAB GOOD SAMARITAN.

Wobble was all right in a few days. A Cairo dime museum offered him $100 a week to show himself therein, as a contrast to the mummies,

but he refused it with scorn, The next country he visited was Turkey, and our artist has depicted the triumphant manner in which he enters Constantinople.

HE ENTERS CONSTANTINOPLE.

CHAPTER XI.

TURKISH women, as is well known, are very closely guarded in their domiciles. They are not permitted to go to the post-office by themselves or gather at the depot to see the train come in. This results in raising female curiosity to the highest pitch. Whenever Wobble came prancing down the street on his wheel the windows were filled with curious women.

The gay and festive Wobble threw kisses to them, in spite of scowling Turks, which the ladies were not slow in returning. Accustomed only to lean men, a fat admirer was a positive delight.

It was a risky thing to do, but our hero penetrated into the Sultan's harem one day, threw himself at the feet of an houri whom he discovered there, and made a declaration of love.

"Do you indeed love me?" she murmured.

"I swear it," he replied, fervently.

CURIOUS WOMEN.

"By Allah?"

"No, Bicycle!"

AT THE FEET OF AN HOURI.

THE SULTAN COMES.

Then she sang in low, sweet tones, accompanying herself on a mandolin :

"Beware, young man, don't be too fresh,"
For a prudent thought then led her ;
"Should the Sultan come you're in a mesh—
He'll make you take a header!"

DOWNFALL OF THE SULTAN,

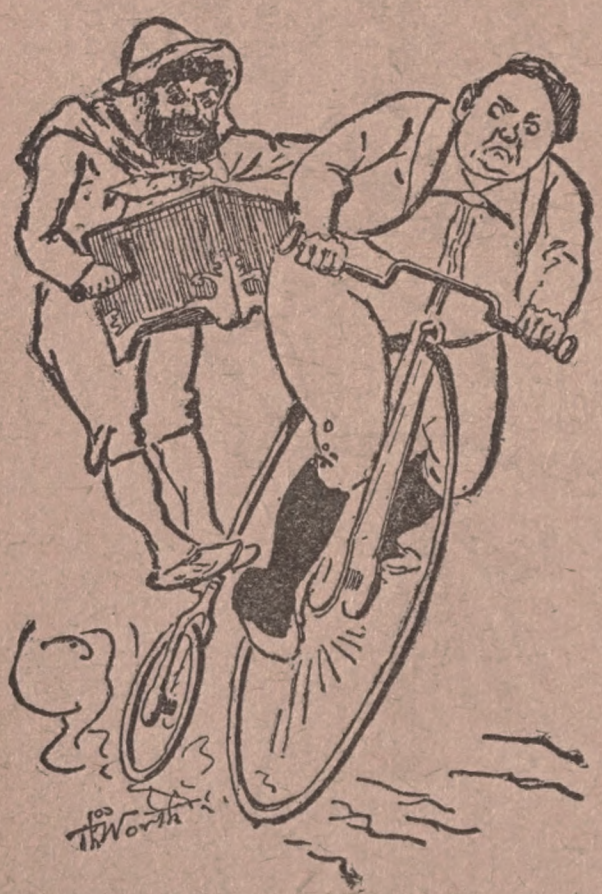
The sultan comes, but Wobble immediately squares up to him, American fashion, and offers

to put a head on him in addition to the turban that he wears, if he attempts to interfere with his diversions.

The Sultan challenges him to fight it out, outside of the city walls, which proposition he immediately accepts. The combat was of short duration, however, and resulted in the downfall of the Sultan, while victorious Wobble mounted his wheel and departed for Greece.

CHAPTER XII.

THERE is nothing that Wobble dislikes so much as wars and rumors of wars, and as Greece was considerably torn up in that way he quickly



SOFT TONES OF THE HAND ORGAN.

passed into Italy. He was reminded that he

had crossed the frontier by the soft tones of the hand organ that immediately greeted his ear.

Arrived at Rome, and viewing the many works of ancient sculpture preserved there, he was inspired to give *tableaux vivants* in the streets of the Eternal city, and the inhabitants were astonished one day by seeing Wobble as

WOBBLE AS HERCULES.

Hercules, rushing through the principal avenue on his bicycle. Nothing like it had ever been seen before, you may be sure, even when Rome

was in her palmiest days. A greater surprise was in store for them, however, when they saw Wobble as Cupid.

WOBBLE AS CUPID.

This was more than they could stand, and soon our hero was fleeing in the direction of the neighboring hills, with all the Roman police at his heels. He outstripped the police, but he fell in the hands of brigands who led him away

IN THE HANDS OF BRIGANDS.

to their cave, where we will leave him to rest for the present.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE Italian brigands, who held Wobble captive at the conclusion of the last chapter, thought to secure a large ransom for his release.

FOR BULGARIA.

They advertised their prize in the leading Italian journals, but no one came forward offering a pisterine for his liberty. In the meantime Wobble developed an enormous appetite and threatened to produce a famine in the robbers'

THE BICYCLIST AND THE BULL.

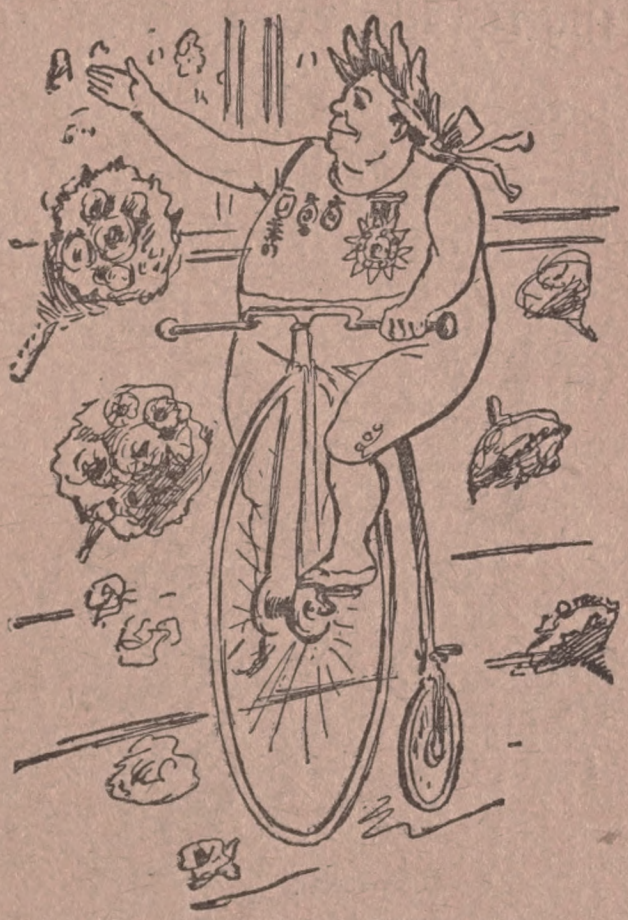
cave, where he was confined. It became necessary to get rid of him, so they dressed him up in military garb and released him, under promise that he would start at once for Bulgaria and fight for Prince Alexander. Wobble had no

stomach for fighting, however, and as soon as he was out of sight of the brigands he turned off in the direction of Spain. He arrived in Madrid just as a bull fight was advertised to come off, and he determined to enter the lists, which the managers allowed him to do.

TRIUMPH OF WOBBLE.

A novelty like that had never been seen in any arena and it drew immensely. Wobble displayed great courage, and an agility that his size and shape did not warrant. The fight re-

sulted in the complete triumph of Wobble, who was applauded in the most enthusiastic manner, as he went careering around the amphitheatre mounted on the back of the maddened animal. Old matadors turned green with envy



SHOWERED WITH BOUQUETS.

and wanted to kill him. At the conclusion of the performance when the bull dropped dead from wounds and fatigue, the victor made a triumphal tour of the arena on his wheel and was showered with bouquets,

CHAPTER XIV.

To cross the Pyrenees was a work of no little difficulty and fatigue, but our hero accomplished it finally and entered the territory of *la belle* France. That country being a republic, like the land of his nativity, he imagined that he breathed it with more freedom than that of the

"VOTRE PASSEPORT, MONSIEUR.

effete monarchies he had visited, but that was probably a delusion. At the frontier an officer halted him, exclaiming—"*Votre passport, monsieur, S il vous plait.*

"*Certainement,*" responded Wobble, who had lived awhile in the French quarter of New York and picked up a little of that language.

SPORT AMONG THE WAVES.

The passport was found to be all right, and after assuring himself that the *voyageur* had no tobacco concealed about his person, *l'officier de la douane* bade him *bon voyage* and permitted him to proceed.

Passing north along the coast Wobble came to a popular watering-place and was tempted

to sport among the waves with some attractive water nymphs that he found there. The French are proverbially fond of novelty, and never before was there such a novel attraction as was furnished that day *au bord de la mer* by this oleaginous Neptune on wheels. But the exhibition ended disastrously. Wobble was overwhelmed

ROLLED ON A BARREL.

by a huge wave in the midst of his frolic. He was brought to shore in a senseless condition and vigorously rolled on a barrel in order to restore him to consciousness. So much water was squeezed out of him that the tide was about an hour behind hand in running out that day.

CHAPTER XV.

TOUT Paris is interested in bicycling. Men are seen flying along the boulevards, skimming down the Champs Elysées and dashing about in the Bois de Boulogne at all hours of the day, mounted on their swift and silent steeds. Wob-

RUN DOWN BY A MOUNTED HUSSAR.

ble created considerable of a sensation when he arrived in the French capital, and crowds followed him about. He was attracted to the Place des Invalides by a military review, and trespassing too much upon the lines was nearly run down by a mounted Hussar.

A GRAND PROCESSION.

The dexterity with which he eluded him, however, brought a salvo of applause from the crowd. "*Vive l'Amêricain!*" they cried. A

couple of Waterloo veterans who were sunning themselves under a tree, waved their crutches in the air, but being immediately doubled up by the exertion, were carried back into the *Hotel des Invalides* and put to bed.

The next day being Sunday, Wobble gave an exhibition performance on his bicycle in the Jardin d'Acclimatation, in accordance with a special request from the managers of that popular institution. Thousands of Parisiens and Parisiennes flocked there to see it, and they applauded *avec beaucoup d'enthusiasme.*

Wobble concluded the exhibition by heading a grand procession of the animals of the Zoological department around the ring. Meanwhile he caught such expressions as "*Comme il est drole!*" "*Voilà, Monsieur Gros-Ventre!*" "*L'étranger va très —bien sur sa roue, n'est-ce pas?*" "*Regardez là; Beauté et la Bête, mon Dieu!*" "*L'Amérique pour toujours!*"

The next day, while taking an airing on the Champs Elysées, Wobble saw a pony carriage passing filled with the children of De Lesseps, of Suez and Panama Canal fame. He begged of De Lesseps, who accompanied his family on

horseback, the honor of hauling them from *la Place de la Concorde* to *l'Arc de Triumphe*, which the great engineer graciously accorded.

Wobble drawing the De Lesseps children was one of the most pleasing and amusing pro-

WOBBLE DRAWING THE DE LESSEPS CHILDREN.

cessions that this famous avenue had seen for many a day. Men and women applauded, and

children left their play to clap their hands. Nurse girls smiled upon Wobble, and even the Punch and Judy shows stopped their antics as the spectacle passed by. This has done more to strengthen the friendly bonds existing be-

CROSSING THE CHANNEL.

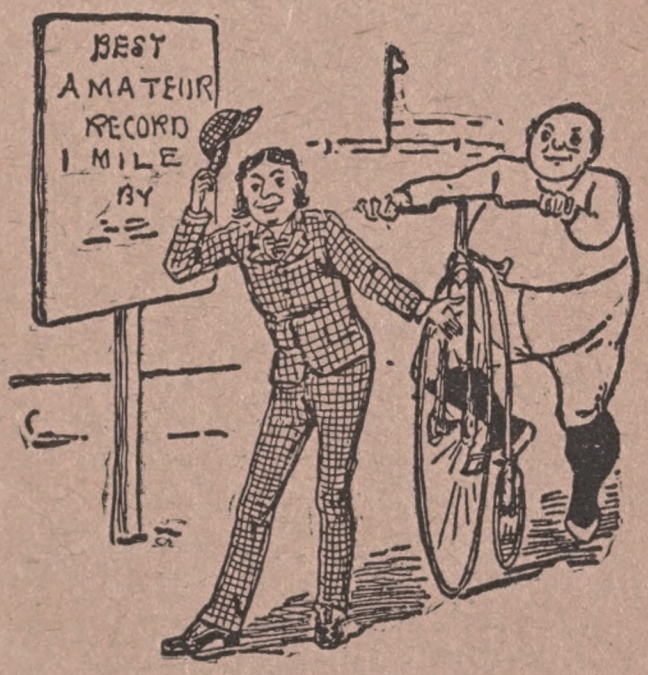
tween France and America than the Bartholdi statue!

The time finally arrived for our hero to bid farewell to France and visit the isles of Queen Victoria. In the following picture our artist

has endeavored to convey an impression of Wobble's extreme misery in crossing the channel though one of SIFTING'S editors, who has recently been through the experience, says it is impossible for any artist to do the subject justice.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE market for American freaks had been a little overworked by the time Wobble reached England, consequently he did not create the sensation that he had anticipated. They had



BREAK THE RECORD.

just had Beecher, and Dixey, and Abbey's Dramatic Company, and Bob Ingersoll, together with numerous other minor attractions,

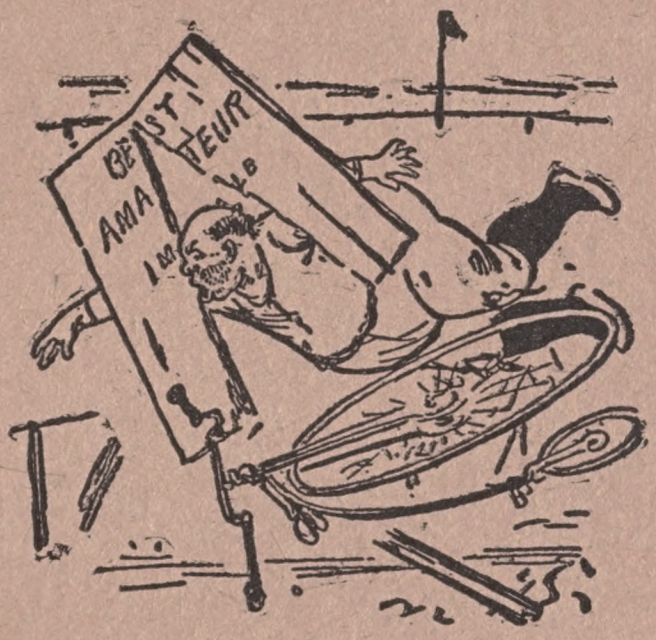
so that the British public was a little weary of monstrosities from this side of the water. The only thing that appeared to be left for Wobble to do was to try and break the record which he immediately prepared to do, before setting sail for his own, his native land. Wobble here begs leave to thank the bicyclists of England for the courtesy that was extended to him during his

HE FLIES.

brief sojourn among them. One of them introduced him to the assembly in the most polite manner when he came upon the course to attempt the feat.

He flies, and the dust flies, too, as he speeds around the track at a rate that no fat man ever equalled. The public, always an admirer of

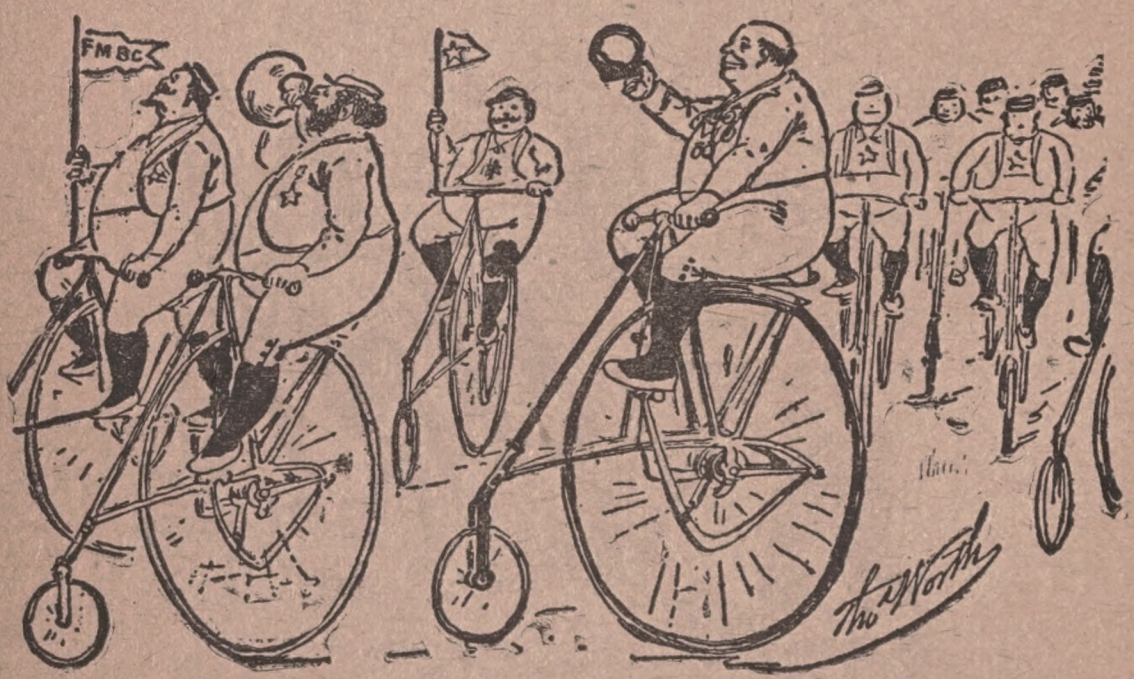
pluck, cheered him lustily, which spurred him on to greater efforts. Success crowned his exertions, as will be seen by the following cut, which shows how Wobble broke the record.



WOBBLE BROKE THE RECORD.

It is unnecessary to follow our hero in his trip across the Atlantic. Enough to say that he arrived safely in New York, after successfully accomplishing what Stevens or no one else has yet done, the circumnavigation of the Globe on a bicycle. He was received by the Fat Men's Club at the steamer's dock and escorted in triumph to his home, all being superbly mounted on the "Star" bicycle.

In the words of the ever-living tourist who writes for the magazines, "I am rambling" in Jersey. Jersey will be remembered in history on three counts. Jersey lightning is one and mosquitoes are the other two. You can enjoy the lightning at ten cents a stroke, mosquitoes cost nothing. Being a bicyclist, of course I wanted to find some in Jersey, and fraternize.



THE PROCESSION UP BROADWAY.

I remembered that there is said to be a large number of "Orange Wanderers," so I went to Orange. I was not personally acquainted with any of them, so I asked the first man that I saw in uniform if he was an "Orange Wanderer." I

guess that he knew what I said, but did not understand what I meant, for he made a grab for me as he remarked :

"If yez don't kape aff the soid-wak oi'll pull yez in."

I started right off, for I thought how could I "kape aff" if he pulled me in. After that I saw several more men dressed like him, that I

AN ÆSTHETIC JERSEY FARMER.

took to be "Orange Wanderers;" they were dressed alike and seemed to be wandering about. They all looked at me as though they would like to be friendly, but I did not recognize them at all. I have since found out their true char-

acter and that it costs $5.00 to ride on the sidewalk in Orange. I left Orange and went out into the open country.

There are many farms in this part of Jersey, in fact it is all farm except the ground occupied by the houses, and the farmers are as a general rule very æsthetic.

I notice in his accounts that Stevens converses with the natives where he is travelling mostly by signs; and as the signs along the road which I was travelling were very good, I gathered a few of them to use when I wanted dinner. Pretty soon I felt hungry, so I stood my wheel up beside a telegraph pole and went up to a house and knocked at the front door. A man came and said "How de do?" I made a neat bow and gave him a sign, it read, "Springfield 1 M." He took it and looked at it, turned it over, and looked at the back, turned it back and looked it over, looked at me a little, and then returned it to me without saying a word. Supposing that I had not given him the right sign, I handed him another, that read "S. Orange 4 M." He looked at it with great care, but did not seem to catch on, and I

noticed that his eyes seemed to kind of bulge out, but when he handed it back I gave him another, this read "Hilton 7 M." He seemed quite moved, as though intelligence was dawning on him when I gave him this sign, but he looked at me more than at the sign. Just then a female voice from somewhere back, asked: "What is it, Aaron?" This seemed to fetch him too, a little, and I was just expecting him to say, "Walk in to dinner," but instead he edged around back of the door and called out, "Maria, run quick out in the backyard and bring in the young ones, and lock the back door; it's a ravin' ijit in short pants, and he's tore off all the signs along the road from here to Hoboken." As he said this he slammed the door shut, and I could hear him knocking the bolts across as though he was frightened. I did not consider that there was any use of trying to converse with him by signs any more, so I mounted my wheel and rode along. I afterwards thought that I might have spoken to him. I could, of course, understand what he said, but I did not know that he could understand me if I should speak. I now almost wish that I had

tried it. I got my dinner later, however. I will tell you how.

After trying to converse with the native by signs, I felt rather disheartened. One is very apt to after their first failure in any one line; but what made it more realistic, I was sadly in need of a good, square dinner. The next house I struck I determined to try the persuasiveness of my oratorial powers to their fullest extent; so, standing my "Star" carefully beside the fence, I walked up to the stoop and knocked at the door, but no one answered. I could hear people walking around inside, but after repeated knocks they failed to materialize. In desperation I walked around the house to a rear door which stood open, through which I could see a woman walking around the room at her household duties. I spoke to her in my most dulcet tone, but she never turned toward me. Thinking it strange I stepped to the threshold of the door; as I did so she happened to see me; with a strange sound, between a cackle and a groan, she raised the bowl of soft bread she was mixing and hurled the whole business over my face and head. This came suddenly upon me be-

cause I was unprepared for it, especially so much of it.

The bread was in the first stages of composition, and well backed up by dry flour, that filled my eyes and mouth so I could not see, and scarcely breathe. I backed out of the door and fell down the steps all in a heap, with the dough on top. As I went to the bosom of mother earth, my feet, while going through the air, struck something yielding, that felt very much like a person, and brought that to earth with me, A keen desire to know the nature of my surroundings, made me work desperately to clear my eyes, which I succeeded in accomplishing near enough to see that I ought to be away from there. Stretched a few feet away from me on the grass, lay a man in the full pride of his strength ; his head in a milk-pail, the white lacteal fluid was scattered around freely over his person and the surrounding dirt. He was slowly rising to a sitting posture, and was gasping as though several cubic feet of breath had been knocked out of him. Farther down the yard I could see the woman untying a dog as large as a yearling calf.

I did not stop for them to ask my pardon for the way they had treated me. I rushed for the road. I reached it after knocking over two bee-hives and walking through about twenty feet of hot-bed sash. The man I had knocked over got on his feet, and he, too, started for the road the same way I did, as did also the dog. We all three seemed to want to get to the road; I knew why I wanted to get there, I wanted to get away, but I don't know why the dog and the other man were so inclined. I reached the road first, as the other two stopped to see the bees which came out as I knocked the hive over. I was in a hurry, and my feet did their duty on the levers of my wheel. I silently glode away.

In turning a corner I came suddenly face to face with a man walking along peaceably with a pail in his hand. He no sooner saw me, than, giving a whoop, he dropped the pail and fled like a deer down the road, across the fields and cut out of sight. I was a little surprised, but stopped and examined the pail he left behind. It contained as respectable a lunch as I ever interviewed, and I attended to it without more

delay. It is strange how this man came out to meet me, but he did; and in the words of the famous Stevens, "Thus, in a roundabout way, does Providence provide for my wants." I put a quarter in the empty pail and left it by the road, and going on a little farther, stopped beneath a shady tree to rest and take a sleep.

When I stretched my form under that old apple tree, I was very weary, and soon forgot the world and its cares, but not for long; soon I began to dream I was chased and caught by a train of cars on the D. L. & W. R. R. (this was an awful wild dream), and was knocked off my wheel, and landed on my cheek, and went sliding, away down, down, an awful steep embankment; at last I stopped and something took me by the hair and commenced to pull me up again; an extra hard pull awoke me, but the sensation of having my hair pulled, staid by me; my head was being yanked around so it made me dizzy and worried, and every once in a while something raked across my face that felt like a flax hetchel, of the date 1798. I was afraid to open my eyes, for I did not know what horrible sight might greet my vision. I was afraid, but I

knew something had to be done, and that mighty sudden, or my head would be pulled off, scalp and all, so I made a quick move, rolled over on my back, and attempted to spring to my feet, but did not get so far up, my head struck something hairy, and I was knocked down again, and struck in eight or ten places at once, and rolled in a heap. I lay quietly where I fell, waiting for my end to approach, but as it did not come, I took courage and opened my eyes a little way. I saw nothing terrible, so I concluded to try getting up again. I arose with no difficulty, other than that occasioned by a multitude of bruises, and beheld, standing about ten yards away, looking quietly at me with its limpid eyes, a beautiful calf. As I felt of my head, it occurred to me what had been going on, the calf had been licking the flour off my face and hair, which the polite female, a little way back, had thrown over me, and which I had forgotten to brush off; my hair was in a fine condition, and the calf had scraped the skin off my face with its tongue. I realized the situation and slowly began to get angry. I picked up a stick and went for that beautiful calf with an over-

whelming majority, which increased when I discovered that all that was left of my cap was the patent leather visor. After chasing the calf until

A STREET SCENE NEAR SUMUP.

its tongue hung out, I took my wheel and traveled onward, sad, bareheaded and alone; my hair gradually stiffening as the sun dried the wet

dough. I was getting pretty sick of this touring business, and my last desire was to find a hotel and reorganize. I could get no one to direct me; if I met a man, woman or child, they either fled before I got within speaking distance, or laughed themselves speechless; but, finally, after consulting a boy who was watching cows along the road, I managed to get some idea of the way to get to Sumup, and I was not destined to get there without a calamity. I was in sight of the post-office, riding along on the sidewalk, and came up behind a man; I blew my whistle and rang my bell, but he did not budge an inch from the middle of the sidewalk. I expected him to step one side and let me pass. I expected until it was too late for me to turn; my little wheel went between his feet, and he slid up the steering rod until he was clear off the ground, all but the tips of his toes; he grasped the steering rod as it protruded in front of him, and there he was, astride of my wheel, his feet resting on the ground just enough to allow him to step and prevent his taking a header. I was so nervous and excited that I did not think to get off the wheel, but instead kept on pedaling,

which made my involuntary passenger "walk spanish," and swear. He could not get off, neither did he have time to look around and see what had caught him; all he could do was to hang on and let his tongue go, which he did fluently; thus the procession moved slowly up the main street, I not thinking to stop, and he trying to stop the whole business, and every one within the sound of his noise, running out to see who was being killed in broad daylight. We neared a tree, and my passenger threw his arm around it; this checked our mad career, or at least his, and threw me off the wheel; but as I went off I butted him square in the small of the back, so I was not hurt any, though it did not soothe the victim a bit. As soon as he got his breath he wanted to fight me, and fight me he would, in spite of everything that ever grew; and as I saw no way out of it, I reluctantly pulled off my coat, and the crowd hooted for joy. We were just getting into position, according to the rules of the London prize-ring, when a policeman appeared and tried to arrest the crowd; they scattered, and in revenge he clubbed the bicycle and arrested us both. I

offered him a cigar and the contents of my tool bag, if he would call it square; but no, I had to go before the squire, and in a very dejected condition, the policeman carrying my coat and sternly leading the bicycle. I was brought up for my first round with Jersey justice personified in Squire Snyder, of Sumup. He was a most august person; the poo-bah of the town, as it were, filling, as I learned, the important offices of Justice, Assessor, Chief Executive Officer of the Health Board, Insurance agent, Auctioneer, Editor of the local paper, and proprietor of a feed store. He received me in a manner becoming a judge, and demanded, "Officer, who have you here, and what is the charge?"

"Divil a bit, sor, do I know the villian, but sure, he was out forninst the post-office wid poor Denny Sheriden ashtradle of this boysickle, trying to ride him to death, and shplit him in two on the dirty masheene."

"Officer, have you searched the prisoner?"

"No, sor, but I'll do it to wanst."

But I objected, and told them as they had my coat in their possession they might search that and let me go, so the officer and Justice

Snyder retired to another room to search the coat. They returned in a few minutes, evidently satisfied, and the judge resumed his seat on an old rickety chair (he called it the bench) and rapped severely on an old table, and declared court open. The officer, myself, and the justice, composed the court, jury, judge, audience, prisoner, and officer; we three ran the court. When he said the court was open, I supposed, of course, I could go, so I thanked him for his kindness and was about to walk out when he yelled, "Officer, seize the prisoner before he makes his escape," and I was led back. The judge was very indignant at what he considered my attempt at escape, he got out his big book and asked my name, I told him, but he looked at me severely asking: "An alias, young man, why do you give an alias?"

"Who gave an alias?"

"You did."

"I did not."

"Young man, you can't fool this court, your name is not Collins, but Ira Perego."

"Great Scott!" I exclaimed in bewilderment, "how do you know?"

"I saw it on the collar of your coat; come now, you can't fool me."

This was too much, court or no court, I had to laugh. He had seen the name of the L. A. W., outfitter, on my coat, and thought it was my name. The idea of its going into history that Ira Perego was arrested in Sumup, was too much for me, and I greatly outraged the dignity of the court by answering, "Why, you old fool, that's the name of the man where I bought the coat."

"Sir, I will not permit such language. I fine you fifty cents," he roared. I finally got him quieted him down, but the trial had all the appearances of being a long one, as he adjourned court every time a person came in and wanted five cents' worth of hen-feed.

Finally his eye lighted on the bicycle, and his curiosity got the better of him. He began to ask questions as to how it worked. I told him I could not show him in that little room, so he adjourned court, to go outside and see the bicycle ridden. Here was my chance; I got on the wheel and rode around in a circle for a few minutes, much to his delight. I told him it was chilly riding, would he please bring me my coat.

The officer brought it out, and I put it on. I rode around a few minutes more, and he asked me how fast I could ride. I asked him would he like to see some fast riding. He said he certainly would. There was a long, level stretch of smooth macadam before me. It looked as though good time could be made on it. I said, "Now you stand here and watch me close." He said "all right," and I headed the wheel down the road and let her go. I did not stop to turn around, I kept straight ahead. I heard a good deal of shouting but as I guessed it was applause by the audience, I did not look around, but pressed the levers down faster. As far as I know, the old judge and the policeman stand there in the road yet, and the court is still adjourned.

I took an air line for New York, at Newark, I met Captain Williams who took me where I washed the dough out of my hair, and borrow a cap. I got Captain Williams to keep the calves away from me until I got to Jersey City; there I bade the captain an affectionate farewell, as I felt perfectly safe once more. I heard shortly afterward that it was several days before the captain was seen again, and that there was sus-

picions that I had made away with him, but he was discovered one night in Waldman's Opera House, and the mystery cleared up.

"I MET CAPTAIN WILLIAMS."

There is considerable fun lying around loose in Jersey just waiting for the cycler to come and take it in.

THE BICYLIST.

A LECTURE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—The bycyclist is not, as you may suppose, a creature of purely modern times. Alexander the Great, we are told by historians, when in one of his battles in charge of his troops "wheeled furiously," so we

may take it that Aleck. was nicknamed the Great because he was a great spirter, and he no doubt had some large one and two-mile championship medals clinking over the pericardium of his nickel-plated vest which he wore during the campaigns in his district.

Of late years, however, the crop of bicyclists has largely increased, and now the supply and demand are about equal, and you stand a fair chance of being run down by one anywhere except up a tree.

They have pleasures that we know not of, and enjoy, or think they enjoy,—which answers just as well—as the genuine article, many things that to the non-combatant whom they chase off the sidewalk, seem strange. For instance a gentle and tender youth will climb on a bicycle and ride up a hill of forty-five degrees to the horizon and boast of it, yet if his mother asks him to bring a hod of coal up out of the cellar he will demur, or if she asks him to hang out the week's washing he will almost positively refuse.

Of all bicyclists the "scorcher" is most to be dreaded. He's hot. He generally rides alone,

and it is then that he does the wonderful things that he tells about with so much modesty, in the shape of hill-climbing, running away from fast horses, riding long distances with one leg, awful headers, and so forth. The scorcher is to bicyclists what the bunco man is to ordinary mortals; his value is according to the confidence you put in him, and when you think you're got him, you're left.

Bicycling has brought two men into world wide fame—T. Wobbles, Esq., and Mr. T. Stevens. The notable events in the career of Wobbles, Esq., were chronicled as fast as they happened, in TEXAS SIFTINGS. He has now retired his wheel and himself. Mr. T. Stevens probably did more hard work than Mr. T. Wobbles, but he is now getting his reward by being appointed referee at bicycle races, where he sits in the judges' stand and lets his cigar ashes fall on the plug hats of those beneath him.

Kind friends, gentlemen, most particularly, if a desire to join the army of bicyclists should ever possess you, make all due preparations before you join; make all the preparations usually made by condemned persons, and place

yourself in ready communication with the ambulance corps after bribing the coroner not to sit long or heavy on the remains.

Procure a bicycle, or if possible, borrow one of a friend. If you have a strong pull with a man who owns a bicycle you may be able to borrow one; but if he says that he is happy to lend it, put him down at once as a liar, for the chances are that he is thinking how he can have you disposed of before you can put your paws on his beloved wheel; but, overcoming all his machinations against you, you get the wheel. Take it away somewhere by yourself; of course refuse all offers of assistance, because you know all about it.

Go where the road is hard and smooth, the smoother and harder the better, and if you can go to the top of a hill, better yet. Look carefully along the piece of gas-pipe that holds the wheel together; about eight inches above the little wheel you will see a piece of iron as large as your thumb nail projecting from the side; that is the step. Seize the handles as tight as you can; don't let any bicycle master you; put

the side of your left foot on the step and hop along on the other foot just to try it.

Hop, hop. Your foot slips off the step and your trousers leg has caught on and torn to the knee, but don't let a little thing like that bother you; try again. Pin up your trousers leg and go back to the top of the hill. The wheel is getting a little skittish, the blanked thing seems half alive! Put your foot on the step again. Now for it! Hop, hop, hop; faster, faster, faster! Now jump for the saddle! Who-o-o-o-p !— !— !

If you are not insensible, get up at once and look around to see who caught hold of the wheel and threw you off. Of course the son-of-a-gun is hiding. Go and pick up the wheel —two or three wires broken out of the big wheel will be all the damage that your unpractised eye will detect—brush the dust off yourself, and if your coat is split up the back take it off; it will be in the way of further operations. Yank the bicycle around some. Spit on both hands; go back to the top of the hill and commence over again. Put your foot on the step carefully and with deliberation. This time hop

for all you're worth! then, jump for the saddle! You strike it fair! The wheel hums! This is ecstasy—

The light-hearted boy drives the cows through the corn. The gentle swine squeal lazily in the distant farm-yard, and all around are making preparations for repose. Beside the road in the gathering twilight lies a shadow by a broken wheel. Your life insurance is payable. Boo-hoo!

AWAYWEGO.

A BICYCLING ROMANCE.

It was a balmy afternoon in May; I place it in May, not that there are no balmy afternoons in any other month, but we start this story in May so that the author will have time to complete it before he has to take his customary migration south, where he walks every fall to save the expense of an overcoat. On this balmy afternoon a sweet voice came floating over the trim-cut hedge,—with detail as to where the hedge was or why it was trim-cut, we will not detain the reader, but it was,—and with a few clear notes more dulcet than the rest the form of Awaywego shot round the end of the hedge mounted on her father's favorite tricycle. She was a blooming picture of loveliness every individual freckle on her alabaster forehead and cheeks showed up life-size, as big as a dime; her

hair, cut a la Rose Elizabeth, was that delicate brick-tint auburn, called red, which with her gorgeous eyes and large, roomy nose, her full-sized mouth, and featherless ears, made the landscape of a chromo to delight the heart of a Prang, and make the fortunes of innumerable Jew peddlers. Minute details as to the appearance of this fair creature are given because she will enter into the story further on, and I wish her to be recognized when she enters. Away-wego's spirit seemed as free from care as a bird, this was apparent from the way she rattled the old "trike" over the stones and gutters that lay across her path to the Sylvan Grove whither she was wending her way; and as she continued her wend, her song kept trilling out on the ambient air like the dinner-gong of a summer boarding-house ringing for a fire alarm. And why should she not sing? She did not care for the neighbors, and she had a tryst to keep at the Sylvan Grove. She knew full well who awaited her coming; who walked impatiently, with bated (with whiskey) breath, to and fro in this same grove to keep the mosquitos off, who but Michaelcar. The thought lent weight to her

already heavy feet, and her father's favorite tricycle bounded away as though it had ball bearings. There is a keen sense of enjoyment in anticipation, and as Awaywego saw the dim outlines of the Sylvan Grove loom up in the distance, her feet pressed the pedals with a constantly decreasing pressure as though she would prolong the anticipation of her meeting with the matchless Michaelcar; but when she saw his manly form outlined against the darker shadows of a giant huckleberry-bush, and as he hailed her with their sign of mutual recognition which frequent repetition had made dear to her memory, she hurried to his side and bounding from the saddle with the swift undulating motion of a bull-dog after a pet cat, flung herself upon the front of his waistcoat.

"Vare you vos alretty. I tinks," said Michaelcar, as he squeezed her head up where his shirt bosom should have been but where it was not, and as his brawny arm was tight across her mouth Awaywego preserved an ecstatic silence.

They stood wrapped in silence and each other's arms while the sun kept sloping to get behind the hills. At length Michaelcar kicked himself

from her embrace, and chancing to raise his eyes, exclaimed: "Mine gracious, who vos dot coming?"

Awaywego looked through the gathering gloom in the direction in which her lover's face was turned, and beheld a towering form noiselessly approaching in the distance astride the pheriphy of a swift revolving wheel, and turning to allay the fears of Michaelcar, replied that it was some racer on a solitary scorch; then they withdrew behind the huckleberry bush to await his passing by. As the coming man neared the spot whereon they stood concealed, his strokes were slower, and when opposite them he sprang from his wheel, drawing from its concealment up his sleeve, a sand bag of vast and healthy proportions. Then, quickly as lightning skins the astonished sheep beneath the tree which it has struck, so did the impending crisis dawn upon the pair behind the bush. It was no stranger, but Awaywego's sire. He had followed the track of the wheel and suspecting that something was in the wind had hurried on to get there before the seance closed. He had seen them. His voice was coarse with passion as he

cried, "Cam oot o' that ye huzzy, befure I broke yer back wid me club."

Awaywego stepped out bristling with fear, for well she knew the prowess of that club.

"Where is the spalpeen what me eyes beheld while I was up forninst the hill?"

The girl, in whom the woman instinct was supreme—to talk—replied, "I am alone, and stopped to rest,"

She thought to hold her father's attention even to drawing down upon herself the club of sand, so that her lover could in safety sneak away; but no such luck. While creeping off to safety, Michaelcar put his hand in an ant-hill and the ants were home; from the multitude it was a great convention they were holding, and the way the prominent members of the party went for Michaelcar, forced him to yell. The father of Awaywego sprang upon him at once, so did the club, and dragging the shuddering victim from the gloom of the forest to where the fading twilight diffused a mellow lustre, the club was raised to strike a stinging blow; but it never fell. When the old man's eye took in the visage of his prisoner, a sudden emotion

seemed to fill his breast to repletion, and with arms uplifted, and with hair on end he screamed,

"Houly mither av Mozes, a Doochmon!"

As the last shrill cadence of the old man's voice died on the air a silence commenced that was oppressive, till he broke it again, "Home wid yez, yer good-for-nothin' troll! its yer case I'll tend to whin I get yer home!" Then turning to Michaelcar, and swinging his terrible weapon high above his head, exclaiming, "Clar oot ye Dooch hoodlum, befure oi crack yer hid." And swinging all his strength in one terrifie blow, struck out at Michaelcar, but he was not there; he had gone. The old man wildly beat the air for a moment, then fetched the earth with one grand tumble, and rolled beneath the huckleberry bush, lying there stark and still.

The sun had gone down, the stars came twinkling peacefully o'er the scene; the rattle of Awaywego's wheel died away in the distance. Michaelcar had disappeared as though the earth had eaten him. The old man lay where he had fallen; in coming down his hand had struck a bottle hidden by Michaelcar, and knowing by its smell what it contained, had drawn it to his lips.

Next morning they found him there, his wheel beside a stump and he beneath the bush, still paralyzed.

The scenes just described are still fresh in the mind of Awaywego as we see her again seated pensively on the dog-house ornamenting the spacious lawn of her father's princely mansion, the surroundings of which betoken a gentleman and a politician of the Erin school. As she sat toying with the dog-chain, her father approached leading his light roadster by the handle-bar.

"Phat air ye sittin' there mopin' loik a fule fur? And hark ye me leddy, if I ketch ye skylarkin wid a dirty baste of a Doochmon agin' sure oi'l mop the entoire country wid yer hales."

Oh, father," cried the maiden, "I cannot give him up. He's a coachman; and beside, he has ridden up Eagle Rock Hill on his wheel."

"Phat's that to me," cried the patriot. "Ye'll do as I say or become a carpse, and the Doochmon 'l be reddy fur a wake the nixt toime me two eyes sets on him."

"Oh, father, spare him," cried the maiden.

"Bet yer dollar oi'l bate him."

"Father," cried the noble girl, "tell me one

thing; answer me one question, and I'll do as you say? I'll give Michaelcar the bounce."

"Phat is it ye want to know?" asked the old man.

"Will you tell me what I ask?" demanded the giddy girl.

"Wid all me heart, me darlint," replied he, as he gathered his daughter to his breast. "Spit out yer conundrum."

The girl placed her hand confidingly on his arm, and asked in a husky voice, "Tell me, when will bicyclers stop riding on the sidewalk?"

The old man recoiled as though he had been hit with a rock. "Go, lave me," he hooted, "its asier to kill the Doochmon than give that away." And he mounted his wheel with determination and rode from her sight.

Awaywego went at her accustomed duties with a heavy heart; and it was plain to see as she decorated a wash-tub with foamy suds, that her heart was far away. Once she thought that in the distance she saw the form of Michaelcar and hope breathe joy into her bosom, but it turned out to be a billy-goat chased by a dog. Again

when the shadows grew long in the east Awaywego mounted her father's "trike"—the old gentleman had forgotten to lock it—and once again came 'round the hedge, but this time in silence lest she arouse the old man who was staying home from a meeting of the club to club her if she tried any artful dodging. She wandered aimlessly trying to find solace in banging the wheel about. But solace came to her not. Suddenly as she was coasting a hill "brake off" she heard a wheezy rattle behind her like a wind-broken horse as the end of his days draw nigh, and Michaelcar the coachman, the noble the last-imagined, dashed past her shouting for her to follow. This she was all too glad to do, and soon joined him in the valley. At last when they got breath, Michaelcar remarked: "Dot veel beats der cake, vy don't yer fadder puy some veels vat vos not fall ter peces. Py gracious, I geefs no more as a tollar for dot verlosipeed."

His chaffing tone and aspersion of her father's wheel, nettled Awaywego's yearning soul, and she replied petulantly: "This wheel is dear to my father, sir, and I'll not listen to your speaking ill of it. Michaelcar, how's your head?" At this

he scowled and diving deep within the pocket of his ample coat, brought fourth a deadly chunk of Schwitzer kase, remarking as he drew, "Dot old feller fools mit me ter much alretty. He better look owit a leetle, py und py he sees sometings fall mit his kopfe,"

"Touch but one hair of that old man's head, you greasy bloke, and I'll make you sad for one long day. Remember he's my father." Michaelcar scowled a scowl of utter darkness, and exclaimed, "You dinks I vas a fool, hey, I shoost git me some udder girls vat vos no Irisher, und vot likes kraut."

"Your love for me is gone, replied Awaywego; "leave me—scat?" and picking up a stone laid it beside his head to make him dizzy. Without a word, seeing her reaching for another rock, he sprang upon his wheel and glode from reach. She paused a moment as she saw him go, and moved as if to call him back, and then, as though the fulness of her grief had burst upon her, she cried, "He's gone! He's lost! Gone, gone into the Orange riding district without a whistle, and fell to firing stones in frenzy at a cow. Four strong men came to save the cow,

and bound her arms and tied her apron tight across her mouth ; tenderly they strapped her to a shutter and carried her to her father's roof, where tender care reclaimed her to the world again. Of Michaelcar she never saw the face again, the effete minions of the Orange law gathered him in. Once in a while she may be seen pegging away on her wheel and wondering passers question who the female Samson is ; but from her looks no one would ever guess that once she was the loved one of a Dutch cycler.

COLLINS AS A REFEREE.

It was a rainy afternoon. Several young men were gathered in the Orange branch of Smith & Co.'s Bicycle Emporium, Orange Telephone 134, Newark Telephone 673. True to the tradition that where two or three are gathered together, and it is likely that there will be a row, there will I be in the midst of it, I was there. It was the eve of a great occasion. On the morrow, as the sun sank behind the western hill, the Champion of the Occident and the Champion of the Orient were to bisect themselves with a bicycle, as far as their legs would allow, and race up the hill.

In an evil moment, with a kindly smile, a champion from Boston, who happened to be present, suggested that I act as referee in the contest. The sheep before the shearers is dumb; but I went the sheep one better,—I was a dumb fool,—I accepted the proffered honor.

The next day, after the sun had put in full time and was beginning to set, I, with numerous bicyclists, hied me to the scene of contest. A bicycle race reminds me of a parade by the Caledonian Club. The display of bare legs is about equal—if anything a little more so, in favor of the bicyclists. It is a bare-legged shame the way that some of them don't dress. Their costume is very *décolleté* about the lower extremities. But to return to the race. There was a slight hitch in the proceedings. The Champion of the Orient was slow in putting in an appearance, and, as he was going to play an important part in the affair, it was quite necessary for him to be there. The crowd waited a while, and then began to growl, and while they were growling they did some more waiting. In the absence of any one else to blame, they jawed at the referee. I knew it all the time. I just got them out there for nothing. They did not believe that there was going to be a hill-climbing contest anyway, it was just a dodge of mine. Then I began to see wherein bicycling developed men. It made them magnificent kickers. They kicked at everything—at the race, the

place, the road, the time, the hill, the scenery, but most at me. They seemed to hold me personally responsible for their very existence. Of course it was my fault that the other man failed to appear. I had plugged his wheel with emery or drugged his ginger ale. Why don't I do something? I was referee, why didn't I trot out the performance. All this time the wait was going on just the same. Goaded to desperation I started off to hunt up the delinquent, and with reckless abandon stopped at the first hotel I came to and drank three glasses of ginger ale, one right after the other. Some present wheelmen were appalled at the extent of my debauch, and the report rapidly spread that the referee had taken to drink. I returned to the scene of the contest reckless as to the consequence. The Champion of the Orient was still missing. All at once there is a stir. Away down the road in the dim horizon appears a fleck of dust. This creates a new sensation and the referee is forgotten. The dust comes nearer, and at last part of a bicycle-wheel with a pair of legs, one on each side, kicking up and down, can be seen through the

cloud. It was a wheelman, covered with sweat and foam, his steaming flanks attesting to the pace at which he had ridden, Kind hands led the wheelman away, and walked him up and down beneath the shady trees, while dozens gathered eagerly around his wheel to see what make it was. The backbone was shaken, the spokes was "twanged," the pedals spun around. Their curiosity satisfied, their attention was turned to the noble wheelman who could ride such a machine. He had partly regained his breath, and made the startling statement that the Champion of the Orient in riding to the place of contest had met with an accident. His handle had come off and he had taken a header that had bent his forks; he was also injured himself. Here was a chance to get in some more work on the referee. "What would he do now?" "Hey?" I was led off by the friends of the Champion of the Orient, and they parleyed with me, then the friends of the Champion of the Occident pulled me out of the bushes and parleyed some more, then the reporters for the bicycle papers took their little whack. When they had all had a chance

I timidly suggested that the race be off until the champions could meet and talk it over. What shape the discussion on this would have taken I know not, as darkness came on and the disappointed athletes went home.

I fondly pressed to my breast the idea that this was the last of it. There's where I remained again. I was only introduced to part second. A blizzard of telegrams and letters came on without parallel in my latitude. I will give a few choice extracts from them, not as an evidence of good faith, but for publication.

"That contest should go to the western man."

"That race must be run again."

"The eastern man should have that race."

"You are an idiot if you don't declare that race off."

"If you don't declare that race to the western man, I will come and settle with you in person."

"I've got money on the eastern man. There's money in it for you if he gets it."

"You want to decide this race to the western

man. If you don't, we boys will be down on you. Your brother-in-L.A.W."

SOME OF THE KICKERS.

The telegrams came "collect," and the letters asked for immediate answers, but only one out

of ten inclosed stamp for answer. The nine without a stamp I filed in the waste-basket, and the tenth one that inclosed a stamp I put on top of them.

After considerable back talk both champions rode up the hill, and the Champion of the Orient was beaten. Then again it was my fault, because the race was delayed so long that he was out of condition; and those who lost on him began to drop in to borrow money to pay their debts. To save my rapidly-failing health, I hired a stout, well-proportioned Englishman to assume my name and a portion of my responsibilities. Now, when a man comes in, and inquires in a blood-or-bust tone of voice, "Where's Collins?" I just point to the Englishman, and revel in delight as I watch the sickly smile come to his countenance, as he takes in the proportions of the Englishman, and hesitatingly says to him, "I just called in to—to—to congratulate you on—on the efficient manner in which you handled the hill-climbing contest."

BY A WHEEL'S LENGTH.

HAD you stood in the main street of Waydon, a little Massachusetts town, but a short distance from the Connecticut line, one afternoon in July, last year, as the hot sultry day was drawing to a close, you would have seen a solitary wheelman pedaling rather wearily up the street and gazing earnestly at each house as he passed, as though looking for some place or some one. He was bountifully covered with dust, and as he had been perspiring profusely his face was a dark brown. His appearance betokened a long journey. He finally approached a man who was standing on the street-corner, and asked, with a sigh of relief, as he flung himself from the saddle, "Sir, can you tell me where the Purcell's live?" "Yes, mister," replied the man; "you see that awkward little house painted all up in city style, Queer Am, I believe they call it, just by the bend in the road? Well that's the spot. Come far?" "Yes, I came from Winsted, over in Connecticut, and

with riding and walking I am pretty well used up." And after thanking the man for his directions, he swung on his wheel again and rode on down the street.

"Who was that feller, Job?," asked one of the corner crowd, of the man who had been talking to the stranger. "How should I know," replied the individual addressed as Job, "he only asked me where the Purcell's lived, and seemed mighty anxious to get there. Said he came from Winsted."

"I wonder who he can be," again ventured the first speaker. "The Purcell's never had any company since they have been here, and always kept to themselves as though they was too good for this climate, and as for that Purcell gal, she always acts to me as though she was too rich for this kind of ground."

"We all understand why you talk that way," replied Job. "It has been said that once she asked you if you knew how to open a gate, and you big fool said yes. When she asked you to try the front one. Yes, Bob Harrington, you soon found that the Purcell's had no use for you." With this say, Job walked away, but he could not

help hearing the angry remark Bob sent after him as his shaft struck home.

But we will follow the weary wheelman as he dismounts at the front gate of the cottage Job had designated as "Queer Am." He had hardly trundled his wheel half the distance between the gate and the porch before a voice rung out, "Oh, mamma, here's brother Harry," and a young girl sped down the walk to meet him as though her feet had wings, and she welcomed him in true sisterly fashion. At the door of their cottage they were met by a sweet-looking, elderly lady, who fondly embraced the young man and called him son. "Well, mother, you have things pretty comfortable here," remarked the young man, as he looked around and took in the neat apartments. "How do you like Waydon and its people? But my, what a distance from the depot, and what a road; I don't think I have ever ridden fifteen miles that tired me so." "I like its climate, and as for the people, I do not know much about them. We have kept pretty close and they have not troubled us any, except an admirer of Gracie's"—with a teazing glance at her pretty daughter—"he was rather importunate,

but Gracie got rid of him in some way." replied the mother. "Yes," spoke up the young lady, "he had never seen me but four or five times, and hardly spoken to me, when one evening coming from church, he asked me to marry him, telling me that his father owned the chair factory, and would build him a new house, and a lot more, but I politely declined the honor, and ever since that whenever he meets me he scowls in an awful manner," "Who was he, anyway, asked Harry. "His name was Bob Harrington." "Why did you not send us word you were coming home, and why did you not come in the stage instead of riding on your wheel?" asked Mrs. Purcell. "I will tell you, mother, I was and am in a great hurry. I must get back to the city, Saturday. I come to tell you that Uncle Watson is dead."

This announcement of his errand was greeted with exclamations of surprise and sorrow by his mother and sister; but to understand it more fully the reader must know a little of the conditions under which we find our friends.

Mrs. Purcell was a widow with the two children, Harry and Gracie. Harry was her sole

means of support since his father died, a bankrupt some five years before. Gracie was a beautiful, girl, just merging into glorious womanhood. Mr. Purcell's brother Watson, had been his partner in business, and when he died, some people said that Watson Purcell was careful that the affairs should be bankrupt, at any rate the widow and children got nothing from the estate. But before his brother had been in his grave six months, Watson Purcell had asked the widow to marry him, and meeting with a refusal, he had turned to taking revenge by petty annoyances, until the poor woman's life became a burden, and to get away from him, she had left the city and taken up her abode in this little country village in Massachusetts.

It was with a feeling of sadness not unmixed with relief, that the Widow Purcell heard of the the death of her brother-in-law, and she asked herself over and over again what now was to become of his daughter, now an orphan without a relative. She had always had a great aversion for Watson, but she should not on that account dislike his orphan daughter. She was poor herself, and could ill-afford another in the family,

but she considered that she ought to offer a home to the child. Out of her father's estate there could not enough be found to pay the creditors.

After a council with her children, it was decided to offer the orphan a home at Waydon, and Harry was intrusted with a message of invitation to her when he returned to the city. Of their cousin, Harry and Gracie knew but little, having never met her since their father died. In the intermediate time she had been to a boarding school in Pennsylvania, where she had graduated, and since her graduation had travelled considerably.

Harry delivered his message and in due time a reply came to Mrs. Purcell, thanking her with all the ardor of the orphan's heart, and accepting the invitation. Harry was to meet her at New York, and take her to Waydon, It could be said of Harry that he was of course susceptible to feminine charms, but he was totally unprepared for the vision of loveliness that he beheld when he greeted his cousin. He remembered her only as a rather puny, awkward girl, and was in no way prepared to see a handsome, young

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lady. The journey up the Nanyatuck Valley was a very pleasant one.

There was the usual bustle at Waydon when the stage arrived. The usual crowd stood around watching and commenting upon the arrivals. Gracie was there awaiting the travellers and gave her cousin a hearty welcome.

Hattie Purcell soon won her way to the hearts of those around her, and somehow after her arrival Harry found it more convenient to leave business than previously. His first visit to Waydon was the evening we saw him wheel wearily up the main street, his mother had lived there some months, but now he managed to find his way home through the hills, almost every Saturday night. Of course his excuse was "to see mother," but in truth it was as much to see Hattie, though he would have stoutly denied it.

Nevertheless they took many pleasant walks together over the old Berkshire Hills, and through the shady chestnut groves.

But there was another who had noticed from the evening of her arrival in town that Hattie was fair to look upon, and that was Bob Harrington. Bob was a country bully in every sense

of the word. Being the son of the wealthy man of the town he had always had his way, and everyone had looked upon him as a sort of prodigy. He never could forgive Grace Purcell for her refusal to become the mistress of his house and heart. But when he saw Hattie her looks pleased him and he determined to try his luck at wooing again, not that he was capable of so holy and pure a passion as true love, but from a desire to possess whatever pleased him. Knowing his attempt at love-making with her cousin, Hattie met his advances very coldly, but nothing daunted, one evening he chanced to meet her walking from the post-office, and proposed. Hattie laughed at him; this made him furious, and he swore roundly that he would be revenged on the whole family. But at the time nothing was thought of it, and as Bob hastily left town the whole affair soon dropped from the memory of the Purcells.

It was with favor that Mrs. Purcell saw the growing attachment between her son and Hattie, so that when Harry told her that he had asked Hattie to be his wife, and that she had accepted him, she told him that she was well pleased.

Everything went merry as the wedding bells which were to ring. The time for the wedding was rapidly approaching, and the girls had planned a trip to New York for the final fixings. Harry came up from the city to stay with his mother while they were gone. In the evening after they had started for the depot at Winsted, which was fifteen miles distant, Job Andrews, the man of whom he inquired his way on the occasion of his first visit to Waydon, and who had since become his firm friend, came to him very excited and told him that he had just overheard a couple of men talking of a plan which was to be put into execution that night to rob the seven o'clock express from Winsted. It appeared that these men had been imported to join the robbers and had refused to do so, and not knowing that anyone was near them were talking about the plans which had been laid before them; a rail was to be removed from the track in a deep ravine, about five miles from Unionville. A member of the gang was to stop the train with a red lantern and call the attention of the engineer and trainmen to the rail, while their attention was thus called away the gang of robbers who were

led by Bob Harrington were to rush upon the express car and seize the shipment of specie which was to be sent to New York, by the Hurlburt bank, and also Harrington knew that the girls were to be on the train and some of the men were detailed to rush in and drag them from the train. Harry's cheek paled as the details of the affair were laid before him. It was just quarter past six, at seven o'clock the train started, Harry was frantic, no horse alive could cover the distance in that time, there was no way to get word. There was only one chance, could he make it on his wheel, he would try, and scarce ten seconds from the time his resolve was taken he was on his "Star," pressing the levers as never before, up hill and down hill, straining every nerve ; never did the way seem so long, but well he knew that never before did his wheel go over the ground at that rate. Once the little wheel struck a rut and threw him, but he did not mind the bruises only being impatient at the delay. He reached the outskirts of Winsted, dashed past the clock shop and down Main street; he could hear the escaping steam from

the engine, but he had a mile yet to go; he fairly raised from the saddle, on he rushed, he flew over the bridge by the tin shop as the engine bell began to ring preparatory to starting; alas, he was too late. As he rushed up to the platform the train was under way fifty yards off; but no, he dashed upon the track and after the receding train, exerting all his failing strength by tremendous effort he lessoned the distance between it and himself, finally reaching it and leaning over he grasped the rail of the car platform, raised himself from his wheel, and not an instant too soon, for as he drew himself on the platform the train went thundering over a bridge and his faithful wheel went tumbling over the rocks into the stream below; he was saved by a wheel's length.

He soon made his mission known to the trainmen and when they reached the cut the would-be train agents were received in a manner they had not counted on. They were taken in custody for safe-keeping. The balance of the journey was traveled without incident; Harry accompanying his sister and Hattie to New York.

The wedding came off at the time appointed. Harry will never forget his ride, and always thinks with a shudder of that instant when he was but a wheel's length from a horrible death.

AN INDIAN 'CYCLER.

In the "Wild and Wooly West."
Where the Indian and the Scout
Chase each other 'round about,
And the cow-boy always sleeps beside his gun:
Once a wheelman rode away,
In the twilight dim and gray,
And an Indian had his ringlets,
Ere the rising of the sun.

Red Mug Pete, a daring puncher,
Who was quite a holy terror,
Of the wide and broad p'rerer,
Saw an Indian standing lonely on the plain,
Said, without a thought of dread,
"I will pump him full of lead,
For an Indian that's been doctored,
Never lifts a scalp again.

With a shout of wild derision,
Sprang the savage on a wheel,
Made of best imported steel,
Pedaled swift away while Peter stared and swore.
When at camp the tale he told,
He was asked his jaw to hold,
Then they filled him full of whiskey
And then laid him on the floor.

NED'S TOUR.

The boys were gathered around the stove in the club-room, telling of races won and lost, of tours, and daring rides. Suddenly some one turned to Ned May, and exclaimed, "Ned, you took a long tour a couple of summers ago, and I've never heard you say anything about it. Give us an account of that trip.

Ned stretched himself into a comfortable position. "Well, boys, if you can stand it, all right. You know that there are times when pleasuring, like business, tires one. Going the round of the seaside resorts in a few years gets to be monotonous, and the victim yawns, and wearily asks himself, "What need." I had come to just this point, and was yearning for something new and out of the ordinary line. But three weeks of my summer vacation had passed, and already I was wearied. I had tried Ocean Grove, Long Branch, and Atlantic City, and left each in turn disgusted. I thought of New-

port, but that did not seem favorable—of course I intended to go there to the fall tennis tournaments, but that was a long way off. Intermediate time—what? As I asked myself the question, my eyes wandered around the room aimlessly, as if seeking an answer to my question written upon the wall, and finally my eyes rested upon my bicycle. "By, jove! here's an idea. A country tour on my wheel." I was delighted. Here indeed was a chance for variety, that had the promise of being novel and entertaining. My decision was soon made. On the wheel it was, and I sent the machine to the repair-shop to be overhauled and put in first-class travelling order. My personal preparations were soon made. A capacious travelling bag strapped to the backbone of the wheel carried a change of clothes, a few toilet necessaries, needle and thread, scissors and writing material, weighing in all about fifteen pounds. My tool-bag I packed with everything necessary to keep my wheel in order, and thus equipped I mounted my wheel one morning in the latter part of July and started on what I intended to be a summer trip.

I had no definite objective point in view. I rode till night overtook me, and then looked around for a place to get supper and lodging. I would stop and get dinner wherever I happened to be at noon, that is if in the vicinity of human habitation. Several times I got pretty hungry, and it was late in the afternoon when I partook of what should have been my mid-day meal. If the day was warm and the roads dusty, I stopped at some country hotel or staid with some accommodating farmer who was willing to turn an honest penny by keeping a wanderer for a day or two, and the fare at the farm houses was invariably better than that at the country hotels. Travelling in this way, enjoying myself as never before, I travelled through the northeastern part of Pennsylvania and in southern New York, taking my time and visiting every place of interest I chanced to be near or hear of. I was sunburned as brown as an Indian, had an appetite like an elephant, and was in fact in splendid condition physicially and mentally. My appearance had changed so that I doubt if my uncle would have known me.

My journey was lengthening out, and the last

days of August passing swiftly as I began to think of making my way back to the city. I wanted to wheel through Sullivan and Orange counties, so I decided to turn my wheel in the direction of New York, going through those counties and across into the hills of northern New Jersey, through to the beautiful Passaic Valley, and thence along the valley back to home and work.

I made my way slowly along my route, determined to make the best of the last days of my tour, sketching everything that struck me as picturesque, and gathering many slight mementos of my journey. One cool September evening I was hurrying along to reach a small town about five miles ahead of me, where I intended to stop for the night, when, miserable mischance! my wheel struck a root in the side-path, and before I had time to save myself or hardly think, I was precipitated, wheel and all, headlong down the bank. My last remembrance was of a sharp pain in my left arm and head, and then all was a blank; and how long I lay there I do not know. When my senses returned it was quite dark; my clothing was wet with the dew, and

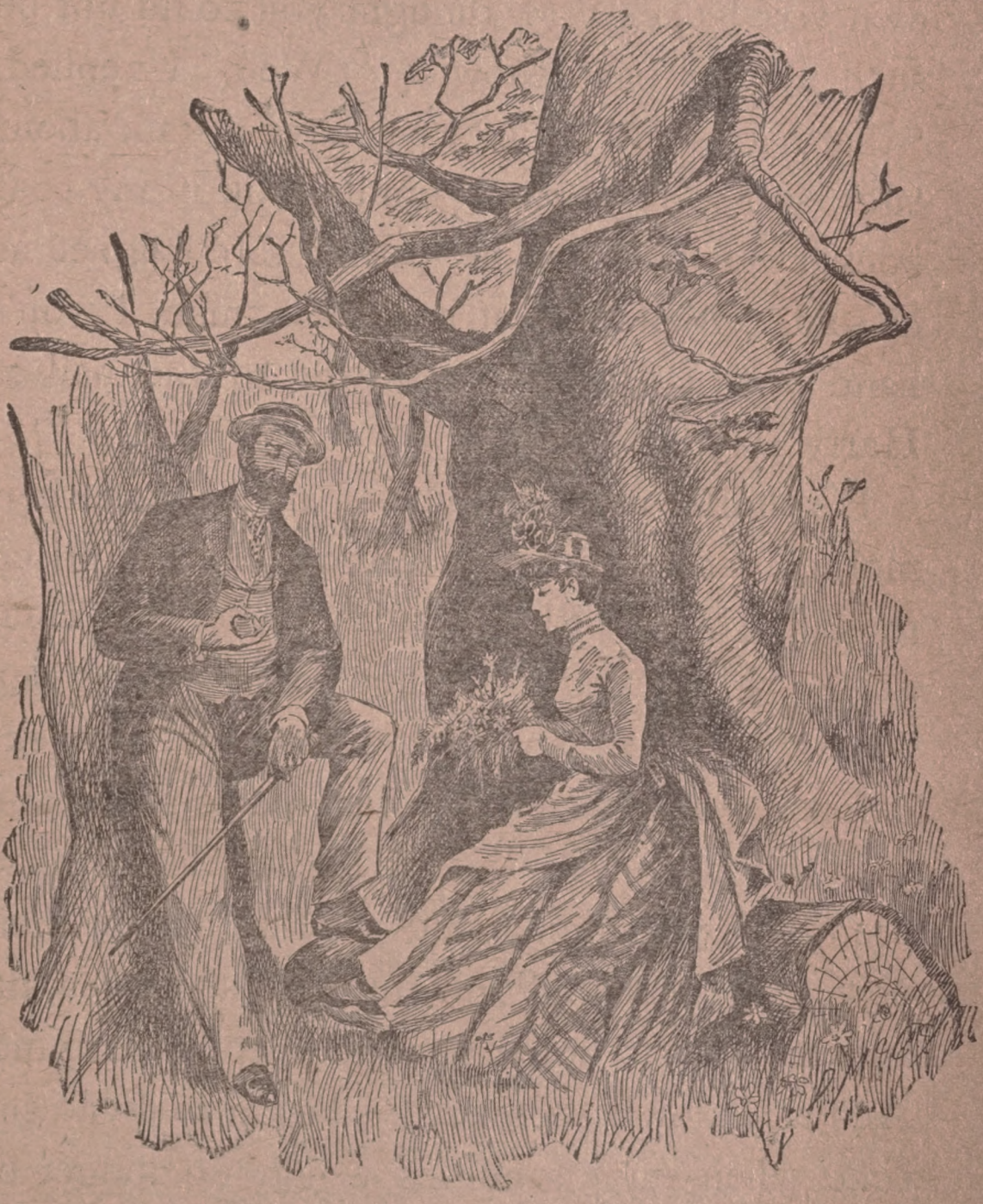
the terrible pain in my arm convinced me that it was broken. I put my hand to my head and felt it covered with congealed blood, and I could feel that in my fall I had torn the side of my head considerable. The thought of my injuries and pains, coupled with the loneliness of the place, made me sick, and I again sank upon the ground unconscious, and I remembered no more until a rustling by my head aroused me, and I opened my eyes to find it broad daylight, and then, as I tried to move my arm, the accident of the night came back to me. I looked around, bewildered. I was not outdoors beside the road, but lying on a very soft and comfortable bed, and the question naturally arose in my rapidly-clearing brain, where? As I moved, a kindly masculine voice said, "Well, my friend, you're coming round again, hey? How do you feel?" And as I moved my head, "More careful; that head-piece of yours has had some rough usage." His injunction about my head was unnecessary; I felt that it had had some banging for a fact, and that it was pretty well bandaged, as was my arm. When I turned so I could see him, I beheld a fine-looking young man, with a very

genial, good-natured face, but an entire stranger to me. "How did I get here and where am I?" I asked. "You were carried here," he replied, "and I guess you are in tolerably good hands." "Yes, I don't doubt that," I replied; "but when was I brought here?" "You were brought here night before last—you and your wheel, in a generally broken-up condition." "How long did I lie in the road, and who found me?" "Now, if you will just keep quiet, I will tell you in detail," he replied, "for I see you want the returns. You were found lying insensible beside the road by my cousin Emma. She saw that you were badly hurt, and hurried back to the nearest neighbor's to get help. On the way back to where you were I chanced to overtake them, and as I had a large wagon you were loaded in, and we brought you here, home, and sent for a doctor, and he patched you up. He said your hurts are nothing of a serious nature, beyond the broken arm. You remained unconscious from the loss of blood." "You have my hearty thanks," I replied, "for what you have done for me, an entire stranger." "Now be

quiet about all that," he replied; "I saw your L. A. W. badge," and he showed one on his own vest lappel. "I thought you could not be such a very bad fellow." "Well," I replied, "there are some things we'll have to talk about later, and so if you will kindly look in my coat pocket you will find my card." He laughed as he said, "Well, as you are a sick man, I won't hand you a card, but I answer to the hail of Harry Raynor."

He shortly after introduced me to his father, mother, sister, and cousin Emma, who comprised the family, and nothing could exceed their kindliness. My strength did not come back as rapidly as I wished, and the days grew to weeks before I was sufficiently recovered to sit up and walk around. All this time the friends I had been thrown among did everything in their power to make my involuntary stay pleasant and me feel at home, especially cousin Emma. And as I slowly recovered, I began to dread the time when my disabilities would no longer be an excuse for prolonging my stay; for the first time in my life I confess I was a victim to the

blind god. In those delightful autumn days cousin Emma and I took many a pleasant walk



WE WANDERED THROUGH THE GRAND OLD FOREST.

together. We wandered through the grand old forests, gathering flowers and autumn leaves,

Somehow or other my summer on a wheel was not ending as I had planned, but I do not know that I would have had it otherwise. One afternoon as we were standing beneath a spreading old chestnut tree, I asked Cousin Emma (for I called her cousin like the others) a question, at which she blushed and finally said "Yes." A few days after I put my wheel on the train and went back to New York; and I went back a very happy man, as Cousin Emma had promised to be my wife, and thus ended my "Summer on a Wheel."

THE HAUNTED MANSION.

ONE afternoon a few years ago, while on one of my bicycle rambles, I found myself lazily pushing my wheel along the beautiful Passaic Valley, in New Jersey. There are many little beauty spots in New Jersey, nothing very grand to awe, but beautiful hills and undulating valleys that are as much sought for by the lover of nature as the grand and sublime, and I know of no spot more picturesque and lovely in this respect than this comparatively unknown Passaic Valley. Many of its delightful landscapes have been caught by the magic of my camera and adorn the pictorial record of my flights by wheel.

On this particular afternoon, I was making my way along the valley by a road new to me

and was enjoying from the saddle, to the fullest extent, all the beauties presented.

I dismounted at a spring at the roadside to quench my thirst and for a few moments, rest. Peering through the tall, thick hedge of sassafrass and cat briers, that grew where the fence was supposed to be, I was astonished to see, a short distance back in the fleld, the deplorable ruin of what had at one time been a large and elegant residence. "Here is a chance for investigation and a view," was my mental comment. So chaining my wheel to a sapling beside the road, I threw the strap of my camera case over my shoulder and made my way to the old house. It was indeed a picture of desolation and neglect. The paint had long since yielded to the action of the elements, and the windows were devoid of glass; one side of the entire structure had fallen down, leaving the floors of the second and third stories swaying and stretching out, as if in blind attempt to reach the support which should be there. The wild brier wound about the columns of the portico, and rank weeds waved above the threshold of the door. In contemplating this strange ruin,

I became lost in reverie as my mind conjured up what might be phantoms of its past.

How long I stood there I do not know, when a voice near me asked :

"What do you see to admire, stranger?"

Startled from my reverie, I turned, and standing near me, was a little old man, whose dress and kindly face betokened him to be something other than one of the people around there. He was dressed in black, and what was most noticeable about him was his long white hair which fell in graceful curls on his shoulders from beneath a black slouch hat.

"Individually, nothing; collectively, all," I replied; and then waited for him to speak again.

"You admire it collectively, for its aspect of ruin?" he asked. "Can you admire decay?"

"Yes, if it is noble."

He eyed me closely for a moment, and then asked: "You are not of these parts?"

"No," I replied, "I am travelling, and in stopping at the spring to drink and looking through the hedge saw the house and came over for a closer look at it."

"Then," said he, "you have never heard its

story. Come sit with me on its old door-stone and I will tell you something of it."

So brushing the weeds from the broad door-stone, we seated ourselves, and he told me the story of the house.

"This house, since the day it was finished, has never been inhabited. No fire has ever warmed its hearth-stone, nor has a light at night ever beamed from these now vacant and staring windows, its walls have never echoed to the laugh of youth or the sigh of age. It has been a house—a structure—never a habitation, a home. It was built by Daniel Pratt nearly half a century ago. When he built this house, he was in the strength and vigor of manhood at twenty-two. There is seldom a human being starts on the road of life with brighter prospects. All the land around here was his birthright, and well filled barns spoke of the fruitfulness of the soil. What more natural, with everything of fair promise, than that he should look about him for a wife and helpmeet. Daniel was handsome in those days, and more than one lass would have been pleased had she been asked to link her fortune with his. In course of time, Daniel

began showing marked attention to the daughter of a farmer living a few miles away, and it was not long before the gossips said that they were plighted. Belle Markham was pretty, but she was rather harem-scarem, and of course everybody said that she was not the woman for Daniel Pratt. She was what you would call a Tom-boy in these days; she would ride the wildest horse or climb the tallest chestnut tree. With her rifle, she would bring the squirrel from his perch in the hickory, or stop the marauding hawk in his aerial flight. Daniel admired these wild ways, and used to say: 'When we are married she will settle down all right.' So he went along just as happy as could be. Belle was his promised wife, and that he might have a fitting place to take his bride, this house was built; and I tell you it was a grand house in those days! people came miles to see the 'big house,' as it was called. Daniel superintended its construction himself and paid the greatest attention to every detail. When the house was finished, then came the furnishing. The furniture all came from New York, and with it a small army of workmen from the city. Carpets such as had

never been seen in this part of the world were cut and laid, beds were draped, windows were shaded, everything in grand style ; and to cap all, a harpsichord that came from across the water was brought and set in the grand parlor. During all the building and fixing, the to-be bride never once saw the house or any of its furnishings. Daniel had asked her to come, but she had a whim that she did not want to see it until she went there as his bride, and Daniel, much disappointed humored her. At last everything was finished and in order, even to the sparkling glassware on the sideboards and the wood in the great fireplace ready for the spark. The day of the wedding came, and Daniel, with a gay cavalcade of his friends, set out to claim his bride.

"They were heartily welcomed at the Markham homestead, and the bride in apparently the best of spirits, withdrew to prepare for the ceremony. The time for the ceremony came, the guests were ready, the minister in his robes stood waiting, but the bride tarried. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, but she did not come. One of the girls was sent to hasten her, and

came back with a blanched face. She was not there. Her bridal dress had not been touched.

"All was confusion in an instant; lights flashed to and fro, men muttered and hurried away, women wept and rung their hand; the

THE HOUSE OF BELLE MARKHAM.

bride had disappeared as effectually as though the earth had opened and swallowed her. The The story of Ginervra rushed to their minds, and every place was searched. At last they went to the stables to get the horses to search the roads, when they discovered that two of the

horses were missing. This added to the complications concerning the missing bride. They were soon set at rest, however, by one of the farm hands, a half-witted fellow, approaching Daniel and giving him a letter. What had been a growing suspicion in his mind was confirmed. His promised wife had fled with another. Her note told in a few words, that she had fled with her cousin whom she loved better than Daniel.

"Upon inquiry of the bearer of the letter, the farm hand said that it was given him by a lady whom he did not know, and told him to give it to Mr. Pratt when the clock struck ten, and not thinking that it might have any bearing on the disappearance of the bride, kept it until the clock struck, as requested.

"She had gone with her cousin, a sort of ne'er-do-well, a sailor, who was a former lover and who had returned just in time to coax her off with him.

"Daniel ordered that they should not be pursued, and rode back home speaking never a word to any. He spent the balance of that night in his house alone; they would not leave him until he promised to do no harm to himself.

The next morning he locked the house up and made a solemn vow that no one should ever live in it, but that it should stand as a monument to his ruined hope and blasted life. He was a strange man, this Daniel Pratt.

"Years passed, and the house was never opened; moth and mould silently did their work. One night in a heavy gale, this side of the house fell down, and it was something sad to see the rooms all set as they were locked up. After that, the things began to disappear, nobody knew how, and now everything has been carried away, except the harpsichord, and that you can see standing in the old parlor yet.

"Word was taken to Daniel that the old house was falling to pieces, but he would not have a nail driven in it to save it; his orders always were, 'Let it alone;' and when told that the furnishings were disappearing, he said 'Let them go, they may do some good.' He never married, but went to work on the farm a terrible changed man; he seldom spoke to anyone except to give orders, and would sit for hours alone; but many of the poor people bless him.

There is many a load of wood and sack of flour that find their way to the door where they are most needed and at the proper time.

"Word came a few years after Belle ran away that the ship commanded by her husband had been lost at sea, and all on board had perished. After that they said that the house was haunted and people have given it a wide birth. Time is is doing its work, and the old house will soon crumble and fall to dust, as will the body of its owner. It is a sad story, stranger; ponder on it, it may do you good. Good-bye for ever, stranger."

The old man arose, and before I could say a word, passed rapidly from sight in the gathering twilight, which had come without my noticing it, so fixed had my attention been by the strange recital. I arose as in a dream, and hurried back to my wheel. As I forced my way through the hedge, a countryman who chanced to be passing, looked at me in open-mouthed wonder.

"Did you meet anyone on the road above here?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"Who was it?" I asked again.

"Daniel Pratt, God bless him," was his reply, as he eyed me half fearfully and moved rapidly away in the gathering darkness.

A WHEELMAN IN THE AIR.

"You fellows can talk about the wonderful trips you have had and of strange happenings, but I think an experience of mine lays over them all," said the captain, as we were resting beside the road after the climb up Eagle Rock hill.

"If you've anything wonderful, talk it off,"

said the fat man who always wanted to rest fifteen minutes for every quarter of an hour he was on his wheel.

"All right, I will," replied the captain. "Did you ever start out for a ride on your wheel and finish up with a trip in a balloon. Well, I guess you did not. I did not know myself how the trip was going to end. You see it was this way: I started out one afternoon for a spin on my wheel and was going along at a pretty good pace, when all at once something came up behind me and caught under the saddle of my wheel. I turned around to see what it was, and just then there was a yank, and I threw out my hand expecting to take a header; my hand came in contact with something and instinctively I grasped it, at the same instant I felt something catch in my trousers leg and pull up. I held on to the object that I had grasped as I felt that I was suspended in the air. I looked, and behold I was holding to a rope and looking down saw that an iron hook had caught in my pantaloons. I looked up and was horrified to see that the rope hung suspended from a balloon fully five hun-

dred feet above. I was terribly scared and was just about to let go and drop off the hook when I thought to look down and see how far I had to drop. Moses Taylor! how scared I was! I was swinging over a woods and about fifty feet above the tops of the trees. I shut my eyes and shuddered until the pennies in my pocket rattled. There I was two or three hundred feet in the air and hanging by my hands and the leg of my pantaloons.

I felt a slight jerk and upon looking up I saw that the man in the balloon was pulling in on the rope and drawing me up to the balloon. When he saw me he called out:

"Hang on, young feller, and I'll pull you in." You can bet that I hung on. Slowly, hand over hand he pulled in on the rope, and finally I was up in the basket. Then warning me to be careful, he fastened the rope some way, and reaching over caught hold of my coat collar, then exclaiming: "Come, join the king of the air," he pulled me over into the basket.

As soon as I could draw my breath regular again, I delivered an address to the king in no very complimentary terms concerning my first

appearance in his domain; but he suggested that I "hold my jaw and sit still," in such a superior manner that I silently complied, and with bristling hair and quaking nerves, gave myself unreservedly to the pleasures of the hour. It soon became apparent from his actions that the king of the air was off his throne and about as badly scared as I was. This of course made me feel awful good, and so safe and secure; it was about like putting kerosene on a coal fire to put it out. For a few moments the king flew around in a very unkingly way and pitched out all the base-ball base bags that we had in the basket, and then looked enviously at me. Subquent events proved that it was lucky for both that he did not send me after the base bags.

"Look out, young fellow, I'm going to pull the rip-string," remarked the king, and began climbing into the netting. I supposed that pulling of the rip-string was something serious; so, if possible, I was more on the *qui vive* than before. The king climbed up to the end of the gas-bag and caught hold of a rope, giving it a fierce yank; the rope broke short off, and the king slipped and came head first into the basket,

with his legs hanging over the edge. I concluded in my own mind that if that performance was pulling the rip-string, I didn't want to pull a rip-string. As the king made no effort to get entirely into the basket again with both feet, but hung there like a dead cat over a clothes'-line, I concluded that he might have made another mistake, so I pulled him into the basket. When I got him in I was horribly cheered to find that he was unconscious. He came to in a few moments and acknowledged that his collar-bone was broken and his leg wrenched, and also that it was my turn to climb up into the netting and let down the grapple, else we would soon be in Lake Erie. When I thoroughly understood what he meant, I was homesick, and offered to pay for it if he would get someone else to do the work, but there was no going behind the returns; I was elected and had to do it. With an admonition from the king to drop it in the basket, and my knife between my teeth, I did the most ticklish bit of climbing I ever attempted. I was not a bit scared, I only had a chill and a great boundless longing to scratch gravel. I reached carefully

out and cut the string that held the grapple. A yell, and a double handful of cuss-talk convinced me that the grapple had fallen into the basket, and I carefully crawfished back to the willow. The grapple had dropped in the king's lap, and he was caressing his other leg, and using choice bits of anti-missionary phrases.

I made the rope fast and let the grapple over. Then the fun commenced in earnest. The grapple trailed along behind on the ground and put in its work like a veteran. Under more favorable circumstances I think that I could have enjoyed loafing around in the atmosphere fishing for the earth. The first thing that the grapple did when it got down among the inhabitants was to take a large bite out of a nice picket fence and wipe it through a field of grain; it dropped that to upset a stack of hay. We neared a house just as a woman was at the well drawing up water. She did not see us as the grapple came along and took the well-top, buckets and all, up by the roots right in front of her and danced merrily away with them. We could hear her scream with fright. The grapple dropped the well-top but hung on to the buckets

and rope which it slashed around reckless, now pulling down a few panels of fence or dragging through a corn field. A man, seeing us go over, ran and caught hold of the bucket rope. For an instant I saw the nails in his shoes glisten in the sunlight and then he disappeared in the top of a large chestnut tree. Finally the well rope wound around a church spire, and, after nearly pulling it over, it dropped it and took off part of the roof of a house, sending the inmates skurrying out in a hurry. The next that it struck was the rear of a farmer's wagon, as he was driving quietly along the road. One swoop and the farmer and his horses were stood on their heads, while the rear wheels of the wagon were dropped on the roof of a house in the next county. That infernal grapple worked for all there was in it. I tried to pull it up, but I came near being jerked out of the basket. All I could do was to wait for it to catch something that would hold it. Several times it came near catching the people, and I was in mortal terror that it would. Once it just grazed a locomotive as we crossed above a railroad; it pulled up a bridge and knocked down a corn-

crib with it, picked a boat out of a pond and dropped it through a green-house top; it then caught into the second-story window of a house and held. The people came out in a hurry to see who was fooling with the house, and among them was a man whose remarks were not at all flattering. The conversation we carried on was something like this:

Man—"What are you doing up there?"

I—"Nothing."

Man—"Get out of that."

I—"Come up and put me out."

Man—"Come down here and pay this damage."

I—"Come up some time and bring your bill. I've got an attachment on your premises and I'm waiting for help to raise it."

Man—"I'll help you raise it." Here he rushes in the house and comes back accompanied by a gun. "Come out of that now or I'll fire into you."

I pick up our last base bag, and, raising it, "You fire and I'll drop this on you."

Tableaux, also slow music, same as when the villain carries off the girl.

At this instant the wind veered a little and drew the grapple rope tight with a jerk, throwing me against the side of the basket and the sand-bag dropped out of my hand and went through the roof of the house. Bang! went the gun just as another puff of wind pulled the grapple loose, and we went cheerily on our way, the grapple grabbing, digging, tearing, ripping along the face of the earth in our wake. At every opportunity I shortened the rope a bit, which kept bringing us nearer the ground. Each time the grapple caught anything it gave us a jerk that made the poor king of the air groan with pain, and sometimes nearly throw us out of the basket. Finally, after toying with several chimneys and mixing a stack of corn-stalks with the roof of a pig-pen, we arose again and sailed over a wood. The old gas-bag began to go groggy, the grapple caught in the top of a large tree and held. Slowly and tenderly, withal firmly, with a delicacy of touch, under ordinary circumstances a stranger to me, I pulled in on that rope. I brought the basket down to the top of the tree, tied it fast, and then went to look for help to get the king of the air down

out of his element. You can wager that I was glad to hit dirt once more. After a tramp of about two miles I found an honest granger, who, only after the promise of big money, would go back and help me get the king of the air out of the balloon, which we accomplished by tying him in a sling and letting him down with ropes. Under pretense of staying to tie up the balloon, I let the others go. Just as soon as the sound of the wagon died away in the distance I made the liveliest kind of tracks the other way. A ten mile walk brought me to a railroad depot ninety miles from home, but, under cover of darkness and a freight car, I reached home the next day, and even now if I hear of a balloon ascension within ten miles of me, I go home and crawl under the bed; I can't trust myself out of doors. But, come on boys, let's jog along.

A SUNDAY RIDE TO CONEY ISLAND.

A FRIEND from the west who was spending a few days in New York, was very desirous that I should take a ride with him Sunday to the famed Coney Island. I was not over pleased with the idea, but to please him decided to go. Early in the morning we took the Hoboken ferry to New York, and rode over to Brooklyn by way of the great bridge, and struck out toward the island. The roads are fair and the scenery certainly very fine if you go the road by way of the bay. There were so many carriages going in the same direction that it was not very pleasant wheeling, but we managed to get along.

After this trip, I am sorry to say that I cannot recommend Coney Island as a Sunday resort for wheelmen. It is not on acoount of the roads, but on account of what I found Coney Island to be, and I will devote more description to the place than to its approaches.

Coney Island, taken on a week-day, is very quiet and uninteresting save in the evenings. Sunday is when it can be seen in full blast. The iron steamboats come in from New York each half hour and unload their living freight at the immense iron piers, trains run on the Coney Island Railroad every few minutes, bringing in their quota from Brooklyn and drop them at the sheds a short distance from the beach; the crowd coming in by both means of approach numbering way up in the thousands, besides those who drive there in carriages.

I had not been to Coney Island in many years, and it was hard for me to realize that I was in a place that I had ever visited before. The low, rudely built houses that dotted the beach here and there years ago, for the accommodation of those who wished to bathe, are replaced by long lines of bathing houses that completely spoil the view of the beach. Back from the water line, where was but a barren waste of white sand, now stands buildings in regular order along a street with pavilions, merry-go-rounds, switch-back railroads, rifle ranges, and innumerable booths and stands. The amount

of money that has been expended in erecting buildings here is prodigious, and gives some idea of what the number of visitors must be to make such outlay paying investments.

AT A CONEY ISLAND BAR ON SUNDAY.

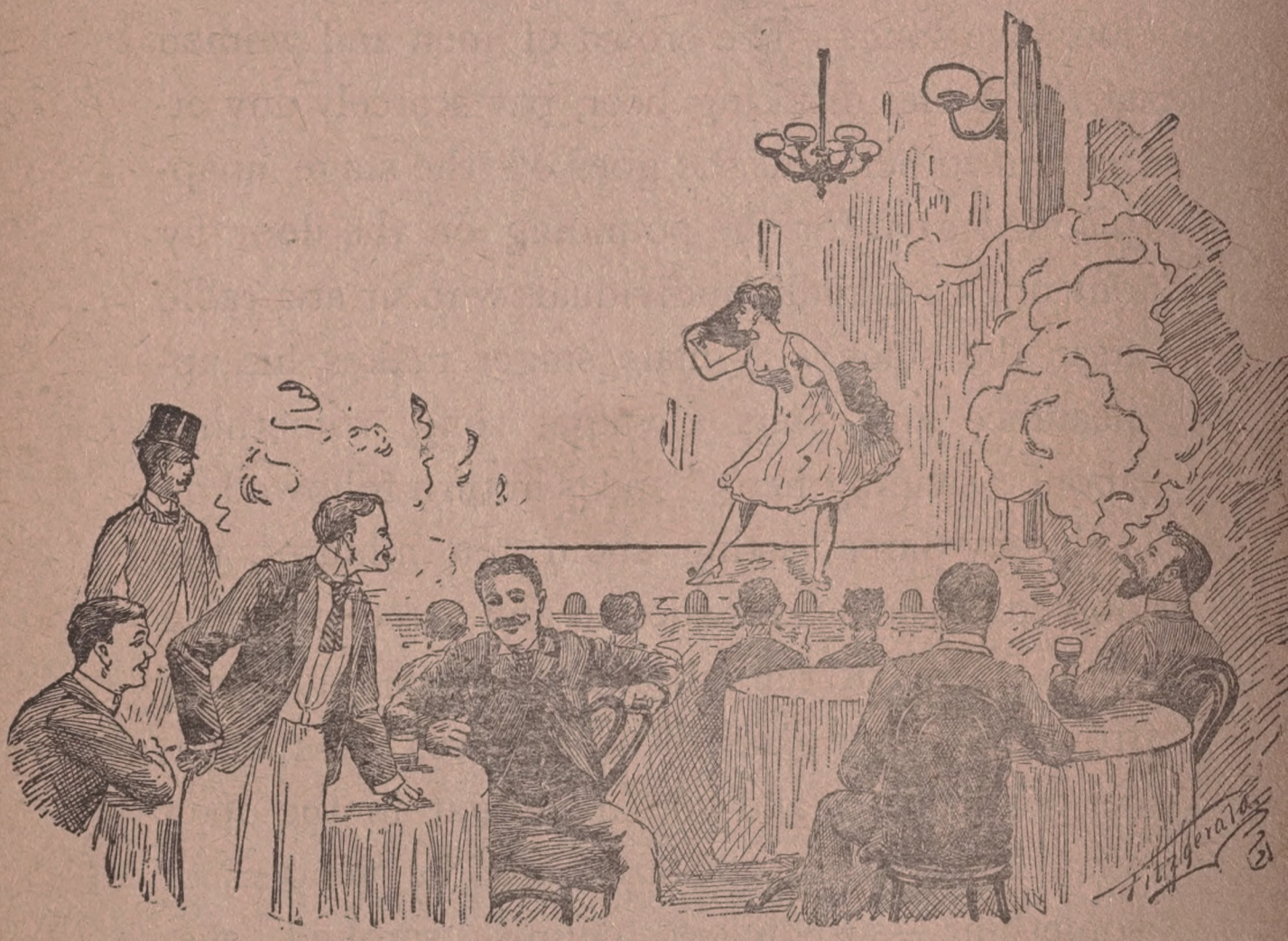
Walking along the street on Sunday, the sights and sounds that greet one are not calculated to remind one that he is in a Christian land within a few miles of a city famed for its

churches, and that the day is the Christian Sabbath. It is more like a gathering of all nations in one wild carnival of Bacchus. It would seem as though everyone who visits Coney Island is a beer-drinker. You cannot go fifty feet along the street without passing a place for the sale of beer. Let us enter here where a loud-voiced, besotted looking man stands at the door of a building, the front of which is covered with gigantic paintings of alleged monstrosities, and frantically importunes the passers by to "Walk in and see the greatest Wonders of the Earth. Just time to see the curiosities before the theatrical performance begins!" Pay ten cents and pass in. You will probably see half a dozen foolish frivolous things called curiosities, such as the skeleton of a monkey attached to the tail of a fish and labeled "Mermaid," a hideous paper figure representing some criminal and perhaps a fat woman, posed by the wall around a dirty, ill-smelling room, in the centre of which tables are arranged for the dispensing of the ever-present beer. At one end of the room is an attempt at a stage, a tottering wreck of a man strikes up a combination of discords

on a wretched piano. The theatrical performance begins. A female in a costume that would make the average ballet-dancer blush, comes out on the stage and sings in shrill, cracked voice a low love song. The crowd of men and women at the tables drinking beer, pay scarcely any attention to her, and she goes off the stage unapplauded save for the pounding on the floor by one or two maudlin individuals who sit at a table near the stage. A male singer makes his appearance and sings a vulgar song, something about "swiping hens," and is in turn followed by a darkey farce lasting about ten minutes, the obscene insinuations spoken and acted, calling a little more of the attention of the audience from their beer glasses!—this closes the theatrical performance and you move out in the open air. Everywhere you are beset by venders of something—suspenders, combs, smoked eyeglasses, matches, shoe blacking, cigars are all thrust in your face with request to buy. Merry-go-rounds whirled by steam engines to the squalling of a barrel organ, stands at frequent intervals, and the shouts of the riders, mingled with the bawling of the museum shouters, rise above

the general din of yelling and cursing. It is a pandemonia on earth.

In one place a huge wooden structure in the form of an elephant, rises to a height of nearly



A SUNDAY SACRED(?) CONCERT.

two hundred feet. Ten cents is the charge for the privilege of exploring the internal arrangement, and a steady stream of humanity makes its way into the building to sample the beer sold within. A short distance away in competition

with the elephant, a tall tower reaches skyward. Steam elevators carry passengers up the dizzy height, but the tower was not being well patronized, there was no beer sold at the top.

Night comes on and the electric light sheds its white glare over the scene, giving the faces of the people death-like whiteness. The mad abandon of the previous hours, breaks out with increased vigor. The museum shouters yell louder, the organs and whistles work with doubled energy, the crash of brass is furious, the waiters rush hither and thither in the crowd that seems to be tormented with an unquenchable thirst, dealing out their loads of glasses foaming with beer. The potations of the afternoon begins to work, the crowd is careless, noisy, loud. Laughing, screeching, swearing, with ribald jest and bacchanalian song the revelry goes on. A multitude gone mad, save for a few to pass among them and gaze silent and wonder-eyed at the wild throng, as though doubting the evidence of their own senses. It is now that the vampires come out for their prey. The brazen-faced harlot openly solicits as the flashy-dressed pick-pocket plys his avocation on the

unsuspecting at her side; low-browed ruffians lurk in dark places and on the skirts of the circle of light ready to pounce upon the stranger or the inebriate who comes within their reach, a blow from a billy or sand-bag and the victim sinks with a shuddering moan upon the white sands, and in an instant everything of value, sometimes even his clothing, is stripped from him, and he is left to come to his senses or die, according to the force of the blow that felled him. Day after day the unknown dead are picked up in New York's bay and rivers. Who can tell how many of these poor distorted bodies, once the habitation of a human soul, started on their watery journey from Coney Island.

Slowly my friend and I made our way to the boat with our wheels, and took places among those who sat silent and sullen as though loth to quit the orgies, were going back to the city. We swung out from the pier, and as the lights grew dim and the babel of infernal noises grew faint in the distance, my friend raised both hands toward heaven, and exclaimed, "My God, what a place!" And so would others exclaim,

did they see it in all its hideousness of vice, which is none the less hideous because it is tolerated; none the less wicked because it is on the soil of New York, and at the door of a great city. It is not one whit less of a blot on the face of the fair earth because it is within sound of a hundred church bells, or within call of the law that could suppress it. If anyone doubts my description let them go there any time within the next three months and they will find it reeking with its moral corruption, that is, if the ocean does not rise and sweep the treacherous white sand away within that time, which would be a blessing to New York and to the rising generation, who would thereby be spared its contaminating influences. No, Sir! No more Coney Island in mine.

THE END.

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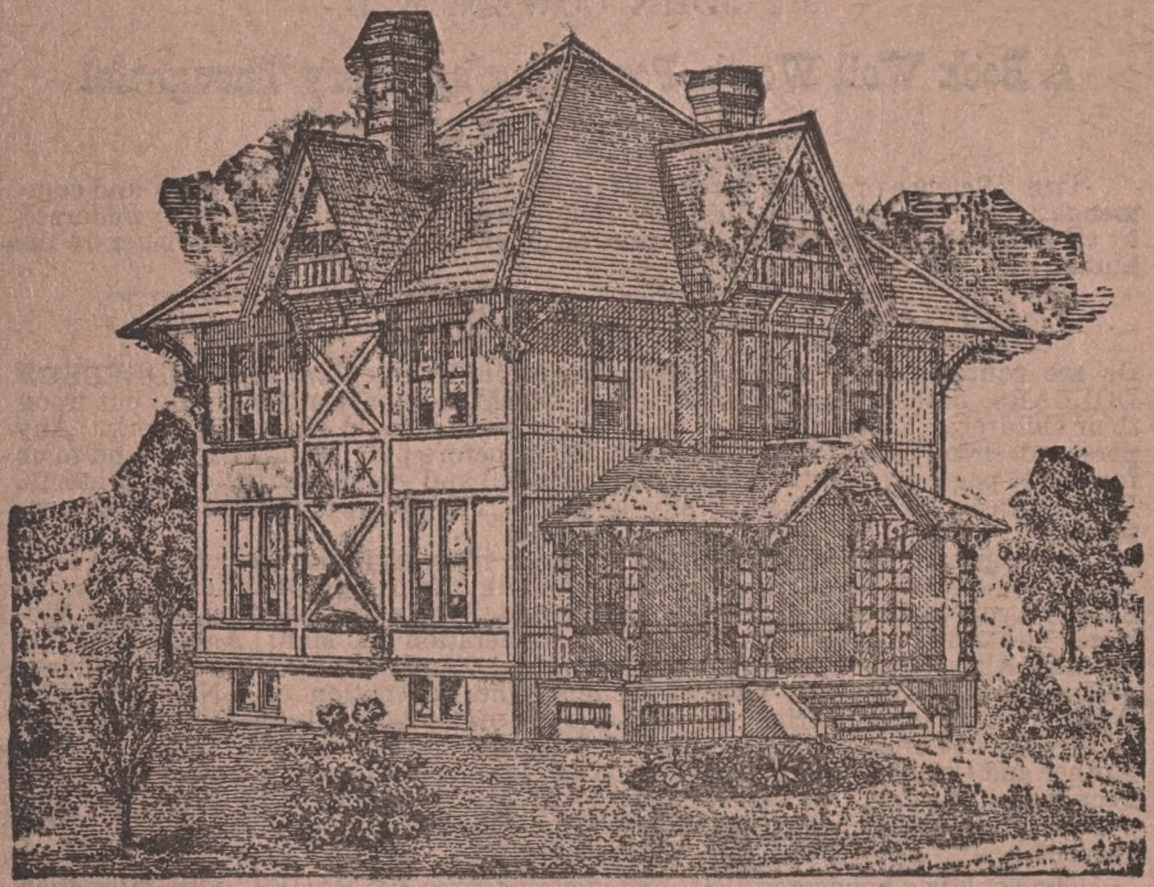

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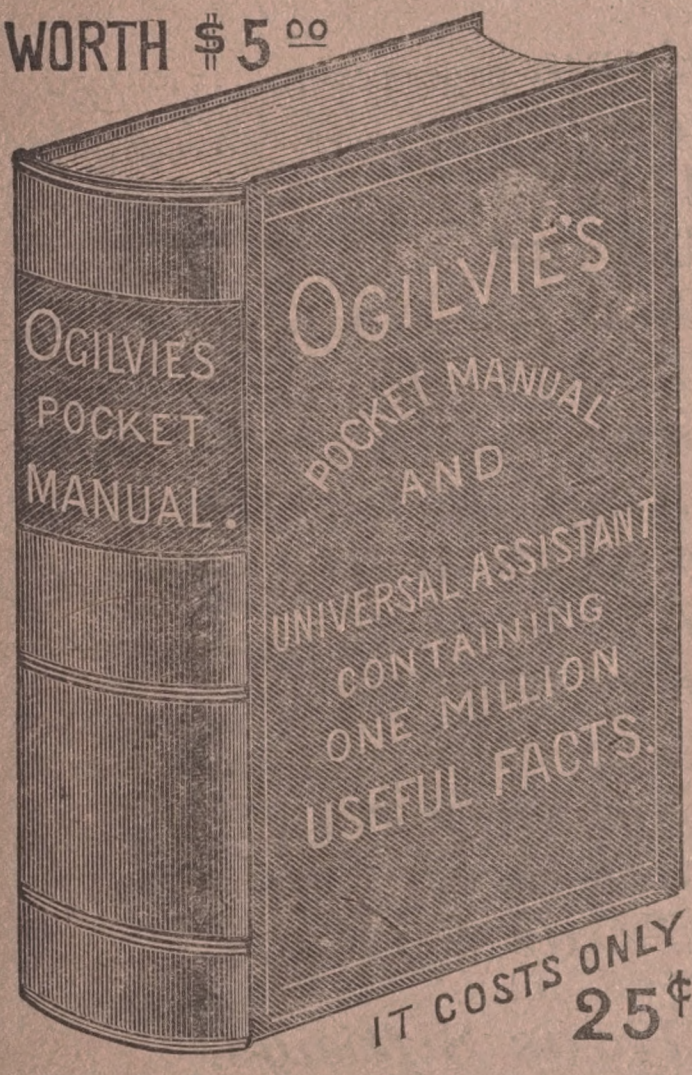

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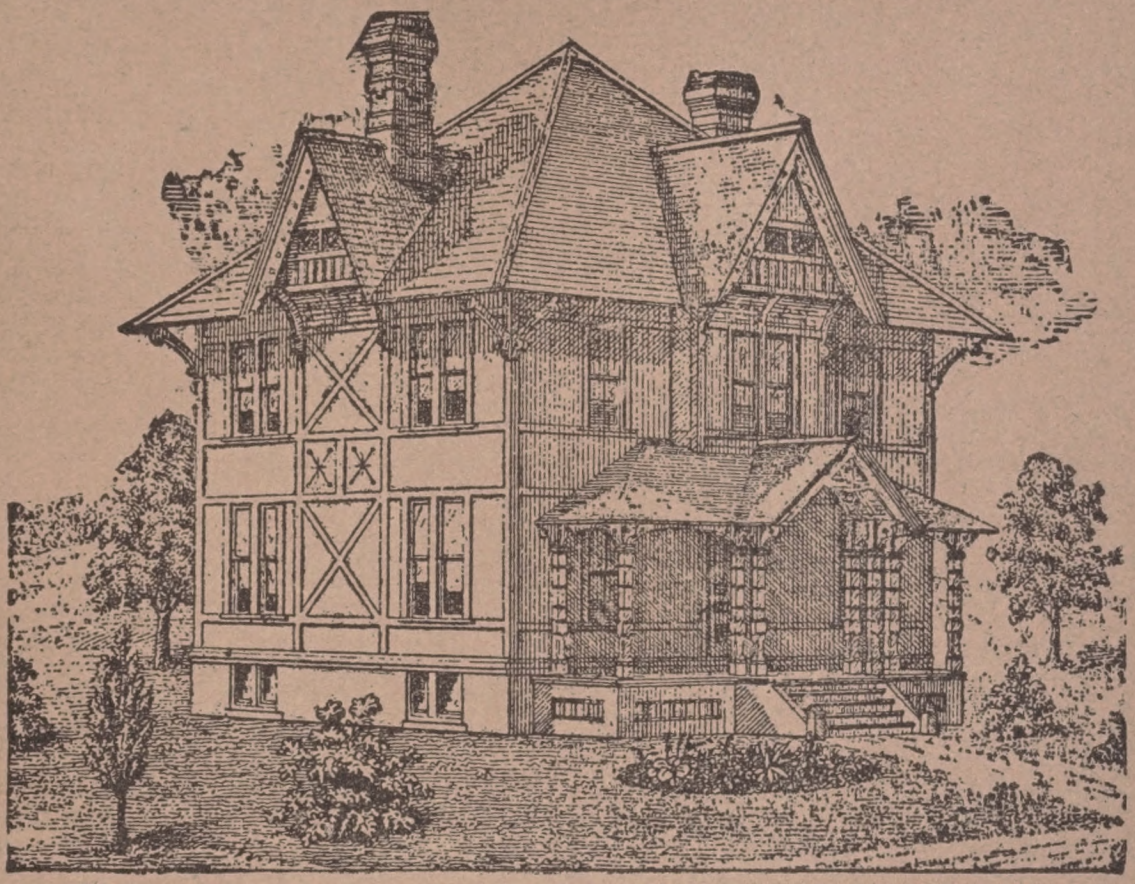

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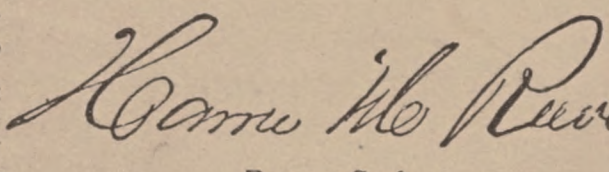

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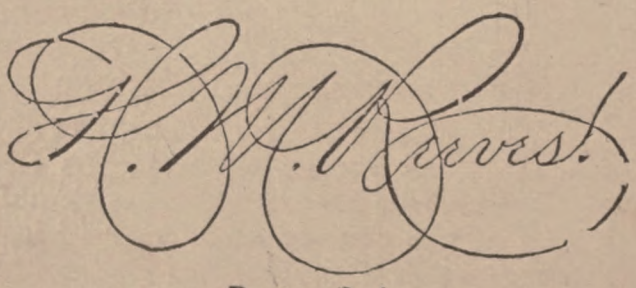

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